JOHN BULL 2½D
VOL. LXIX 1823

SMARTER CAN TELL YOU!

CROSS-WORDS AGAIN See page 19

MAKE IT AN A.R.P. ARMY By the Editor

Cycling to work

or cycling to rest

Always

remember . . . .

RUDGE

IS THE BEST!

For over fifty years

'BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE

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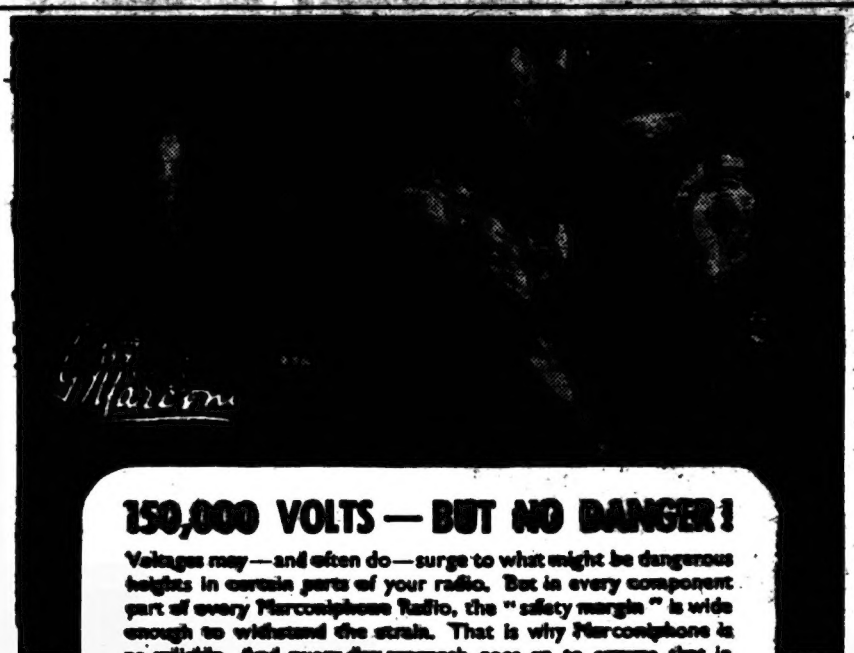

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Voltages may—and often do—surge to what might be dangerous heights in certain parts of your radio. But in every component part of every Marconiphone Radio, the "safety margin" is wide enough to withstand the strain. That is why Marconiphone is so reliable. And every day research goes on to ensure that in the Marconiphone of the future the margin of safety—and consequently the degree of reliability—shall be maintained.

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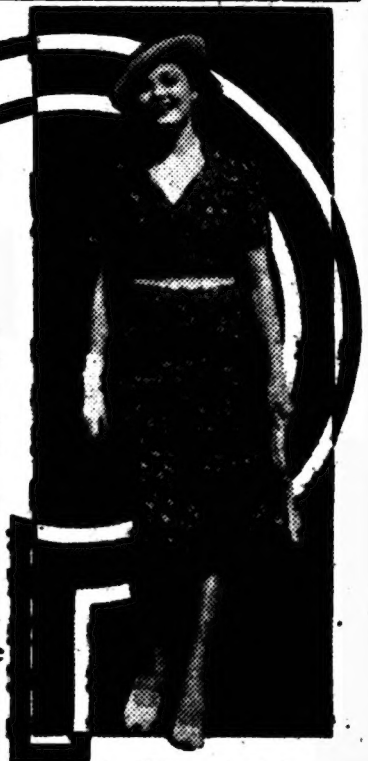

YOU, too, can have that attractive slim figure which everyone admires. You, too, can look lovely and keep in radiant health if you 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of nightly Bile Beans.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans act gently and naturally. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue. Thus Bile Beans improve your health and vitality and bring those slim, youthful lines.

So remember—don't just envy others! Start now to get perfect health and a lovely figure for Summer by taking Bile Beans.

7d., 1/5 & 3/5 (including Purchase Tax). Also obtainable in gennywraths.

"For maintaining a slender, well-proportioned figure there's nothing so good as Bile Beans. They ensure splendid health, prevent unwanted fat and keep my figure youthfully slim."—Miss K. S., London, S.W.1.

You can with Nightly

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

WAR WORK TRUE STORIES. No. 2

London shopgirl attacks Nazis—

1. With the shop half empty and so little for me to sell, my old job seemed pointless and useless.

2. When I saw Mr. Bevin's call for more women in War Work, I knew just what I must do.

3. "My boy is in the R.A.F. I said at the Employment Exchange—I'd like to work on aeroplanes."

4. No fuss, no loss of time—I was sent to a factory, for training under actual working conditions.

5. Now I do a worthwhile job helping to make bombers—some of those that go over to Berlin.

6. —And Jim has just got his wings. Who knows? I might have worked on the plane he flies!

Is YOUR work really vital to the War Effort? Go to your local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service and ask their advice. They will tell you how best to serve your Country.

YOUR DUTY NOW IS

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR & NATIONAL SERVICE

"Wouldn't YOU like a crop like this?"

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient NITROGEN, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form, will make good this loss in 6 hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES THIS YEAR—USE SANGRAL

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 24, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

SLACKERS

● **Civil Service staffs are still increasing. Why?**

We ask because there is overwhelming evidence that many minor officials have little to do.

Let us add to that heavy weight of evidence.

One man has had only three hours' work in as many weeks—and he had to search for that.

He has not done a single useful job since the beginning of the year. But his application for transfer to a busy department has been refused.

A "temporary" has resigned in disgust. She reports a common practice of faked overtime. This is how it works.

Two clerks remain in the office five minutes after the others have left. Then they go to a canteen to read the newspapers, return after an hour or so, turn over a few office files, and leave for home.

Next morning they sign the register to claim overtime up to nine o'clock. Their statement is not questioned.

Is it really too late to organise the Civil Service on business lines?

Straight from the Shoulder

WEAPONS—NOT WISHES

PLAINLY, the Hess rift in the Nazi Party will not lead to any slackening of the Nazis' biggest-ever effort to destroy us.

Temporarily, at least, it will spur Hitler to greater endeavours.

One swallow doesn't make a summer; one Hess cannot bring us a summer triumph.

Witness Hess

The Deputy-Fuehrer tells us that we are doing well in our offensive against Germany.

But we also know that the Fuehrer No. 1 is planning a vast offensive against us.

Irak, Syria and the plot with the fawning traitors of Vichy are but the preliminaries.

We have hard knocks to take, harder ones, to give, before the Nazi Front crumples.

Past complacency brought us serious defeats. Complacency now would mean swift disaster.

Finish the Job!

Maximum war production alone will enable us to tear great holes in the rotten empire of Nazidom.

An all-important step towards that goal has now been reached.

Builders in Arms

Last week, when the newspapers were devoting pages to speculations about the Deputy-Fuehrer, only a few lines could be spared for an item of fact:

The building industry has promised 100 per cent. collaboration in the Government's building programme.

Dull? Not a bit of it!

That little fact means vast new factories to make the bombers and the bombs to intensify the havoc described by the Deputy-Fuehrer.

Waste of Brains

Now we want the men to build those factories.

Such a man, for example, as a walking ganger who used to be in charge of twelve gangers and hundreds of "navvies."

He is an expert at road making, drainage and concrete laying. He can sight levels to fine limits.

To-day he is in the R.A.F., hanging around most of the time, waiting to refuel aircraft.

Essential for What?

We want electricians to wire the factories.

Such an electrician, for example, as a man of thirty-four accustomed to work in shipyards and industrial plants.

He is in the Army, a Dunkirk survivor.

His firm, applying for his release, is told that he is on "essential work."

Well, this means that he is unloading Army lorries and peeling potatoes.

First Things First

Those two cases are typical of thousands. Skill and experience are still being wasted on a grand scale.

Until we have built every war factory we need, every bomber that can be made, trained artisans should not be peeling potatoes or growing bored in R.A.F. camps

Thousands of building workers have been released from military service. Thousands more must be brought back. Stupidly short-sighted Service commanders must be overruled by strong-jawed Mr. Bevin!

Some Fool Blundered

Moreover, new war centres already in construction must be speeded-up.

Listen to a man employed on an aerodrome-to-be:

"Time and money are squandered. Our gang spent the first three days in unloading thirty-five tons of material into a gully alongside the runway. We spent the next four days in digging it all out and taking it elsewhere."

Filling Up Time!

He goes on: "Then we were sent to another part of the aerodrome to spread two lorry-loads of ashes on a roadway.

"Next day we had to sweep them off again.

"I have spoken to several workers on the site; they tell me the same thing happens on all the jobs throughout the aerodrome."

Homes for Snails

JOHN BULL can tell him that it happens, too, in war centres where production is supposed to be in full swing.

We can tell the Minister of Aircraft Production of a factory where nero workers lounge about for days without even a nut to tighten.

We can tell the Air Minister of a receiving depot where it took a driver seven hours to get his lorry unloaded.

Window-Dressing

We can tell the War Minister of an Army workshop where the sixty men are proud of their ten-hours-a-day fast output.

But they had to spend a day and a half—wasting ninety man-hours—to sweep floors and polish benches in preparation for the visit of high officers who stayed exactly three minutes.

Muddle and Mess

We can tell the Minister of Works that railway trucks laden with corrugated iron roofing continue to arrive at sites where the use of that roofing is forbidden.

Anyhow, the quantity originally required was ordered three times over. Now the laden trucks are sent from site to site—though there is a grave shortage of railway waggons.

Credit Due

It may be said that such incidents do not give a fair view of our war effort. JOHN BULL agrees.

We could fill this page with examples of efficiency and, indeed, the near-miraculous.

But there is too much muddle, too slow a pace, in hundreds of our industrial undertakings.

All Together!

No one man is to blame. The fault does not rest on officialdom alone.

Our leaders are doing their utmost to ensure smooth and swift mobilisation of our immense, Nazi-beating resources.

Most encouraging portent is the move to solve the urgent question of "priorities."

Lord Beaverbrook brings his impatient energy to the speed-up of those supplies and to the manufacture of tanks, anti-tank guns and 'planes.

Think Big

They must be aided to the full by all on whom their work depends.

Factory contractors must draw up plans well in advance to prevent waste of time and labour when a job is actually started

Workers can help by putting a little more into the job when the opportunity offers.

All of us, whether on war work or not, must think in terms of "total war."

Playing at War

Some of you people in a seaside resort that has just had its first two bombs—you wouldn't make such a fuss about your broken windows if you had spent a week in London or Liverpool.

Some of you country-dwellers who hardly know there is a war on—you wouldn't make a fuss about the extra Summer Time if you could work a week in an arms factory.

You might even stop the illicit manufacture of Devonshire cream for your tea.

Waste Not—

You townspeople who think "it can't really matter" if you waste a scrap of paper or food—think again of the seamen's lives that are imperilled (and lost) to bring us supplies we could find at home!

In short, there is a little extra that all can do towards winning the war.

Worth While

JOHN BULL makes no apology for preaching. Better face unpleasant home truths now than allow present smugness to bring future hardships!

Some of us have made heavy sacrifices—our homes, our relatives, our peace time jobs.

Compared with these, extra work and tighter economy should be reckoned as trifles.

We are spending far less on war than Germany, even now. Is it not worth while to give a little more?

Hit Hard

Arrival of the Deputy Fuehrer is fresh proof that Germany is in no mood for a long war.

Intensify our blows, and that mood will deepen into despair. Despair will bring defeat.

We must work, as never before, for the means to hit back quickly, terribly and surely.

Weapons, not wishes, will ensure our victory.

(Continued overleaf)

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE TO

FIRE SPOTTERS!

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Spotters, Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids and Gas Attacks

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Hess's escape has affected high Fascist circles no less than the Nazis. Suspicions against one another of possible "ratting" are noticeable among the party leaders.**

● ***Germany suspects the Italians, too. Himmler's agents have now been posted to shadow every important official—and the Quislings in occupied lands.***

● **Axis dismay at exposure of "the maggot in the apple" has given heart to anti-Nazi patriots throughout Europe. Their sabotage should soon become more effective than ever.**

● **Japan shows signs of cooling off, feeling that Nazi assurances of victory are now not good enough in view of the reinforced Singapore, strong Dutch East Indies and the U.S.A. navy.**

● ***Carve-up of Balkans is causing trouble between Axis partners. Rumania and Bulgaria now claim territory that Hitler promised them but which Mussolini also wants.***

● **Fascist propaganda on victory in Greece has fallen flat. Italian public is more impressed by growing numbers of Nazi troops, whose demands have reduced Italian food supplies to the barest minimum.**

● **Moscow is taking steps to counter Nazi intrigue in Baltic countries.**

● ***In other respects, too, so-called "good relations" between Moscow and Berlin are growing ragged. Diplomatic protests against subversive propaganda in each other's spheres of influence have become frequent.***

● **Naval and R.A.F. sweeps across the sea routes supplying the Nazis in Libya are keeping them short of munitions and have disorganised transport lines from Sicily right back to Germany.**

● **Behind-the-scenes action in neutral countries where Nazi leaders have deposited their fortunes is worrying their agents. Immense costs may have to be incurred in payment of duties and other charges that the Nazis have hitherto evaded.**

● ***Japanese bombing policy is having to be entirely recast as China grows stronger with the help of American 'planes and pilots.***

● **New British naval plans are now nearing completion which may give Hitler's Atlantic "wolf pack" the greatest shock they have yet had.**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

YORKSHIRE builder received urgent call to help in after-blitz repairs. He couldn't go because his lorry needed a rebore, and that job was delayed because the local garage had lost nearly all its mechanics to the Army.

One of them—partner in the firm—was a man with a cataract in one eye.

No Bus

Welsh woman war worker has to get up at 4 a.m. and walk four miles to the station.

When on afternoon shift, she finishes work at 10.15, but doesn't get home until 12.30, too tired to make herself a cup of tea.

A bus service would enable her—and her fellow-workers—to keep fitter and work better.

Triple Shortage

Such instances could be multiplied by hundreds.

Our war effort is hampered by lack of motors, motor mechanics, motor components.

Many mechanics should be released from the Army. Many more private cars should be bought up.

Remedy

Present system of buying cars is creaking loudly. In one district you might get only £20 for your car, £100 in another, according to local demands.

There should be a national census of cars and standardised prices for second-hand sales.

Neglect

Moreover, we need to divert more traffic from the roads. Canals should carry a much higher percentage of heavy goods transport.

They have been criminally neglected. They are still being neglected. And apparently not much is to be done about them in future.

One company has a hundred barges laid up because of lack of bargemen. Yet more bargemen are soon going to be pushed into the Army!

Down the Drain

Moreover, there should be much more drastic economy in the use of petrol.

This applies not only to private motorists.

At a North Country bus depot, gallons of oil and petrol are thrown away every day because they are dirty. Yet there is a refining plant in the yard.

One worker asked why it was not used. "Too much trouble," was the answer.

Game Though Crippled

There is still waste of man power, too. Cripples are anxious to take the places of young men being called up. But they have been cold-shouldered by Whitehall.

Surely there are sitting-down jobs they could do?

Surely there is room, also, for unemployed professional men?

Surely industry needs every man and woman it can find?

Humbug

Even fit people are humbugged by incompetent officials.

One young builder, wanting war work, was offered a job in an aircraft factory. He lost it because the employment exchange mislaid his papers.

Then he was sent to a training centre three hundred miles away—though there was one within six miles of his home.

He is still there after eight months—despite the sudden and urgent need for builders.

Long Wait

A Middlesbrough woman volunteered for munition work in September, 1939.

She is aged forty-two, strong and healthy.

Her husband is in the Army, her elder son in the R.A.F., her youngest boy living elsewhere—but though she has no ties the employment exchange can't find her a war time job!

Outsize

Two more examples of how Britain plays at making war:

A Yorkshirewoman was turned away from a war factory because the regulation size of overall wouldn't fit her!

Two Hampshire brothers, aged fifteen and seventeen, have searched vainly for work for nearly a year. They could have found jobs last week—but the employment exchange decided that they could not be granted their green cards.

Wasted Labour

Thousands of bombed houses await repair. But building trade workers are still being made to waste their time.

Some town councils are having their lamp posts repainted. The L.M.S. is painting small stations. Big schools are being redecorated.

Four builders, lately engaged on bomb repair work in Bristol, have been put into khaki and posted to the R.A.S.C. to waste their skill.

Why, Oh Why!

In a Hampshire town a bomb crater was filled up without any examination of the sewer. Now the sewage is seeping up through manholes, close to houses.

The facts have been reported, but the council apparently think it more important to build a brick path to an emergency water tank near by.

In the same town the only house to have broken windows replaced by glass happens to be the mayor's residence.

Still Smiling

But it will take more than bombs to break public morale. This letter from a Liverpool reader is typical of many:

"I am sorry to tell you that we have lost our home. Everything is gone. My husband and daughter are in hospital; the doctor says I should be there, too.

"Will you please send the *Bullets Bulletin* to the above temporary address?"

We will—and we wish her well.

Thinking in Millions

Five pounds a thousand was paid by the Army for medical tablets bought by the million. It was later proved that the supplier could make a handsome profit at 19s. 9d. a thousand.

Evidence comes from many quarters, however, that control is being tightened up. Auditors have been installed in huts on the site of Government works to check every detail.

Muddle

Salvage collection is so slow at Hockley, Essex, that one resident is using his old iron to repair road holes.

One dump is situated in such an inaccessible spot that a lorry sent there could not get near enough.

Many residents have stopped saving "waste," considering it a waste of time and effort.

Head On

Nazi pilots are reported to be impressed by new method of attack by British fighters. Which, when you think of it, is hardly surprising.

The fighters break up bomber formations by head-on assaults in which the 'planes hurtle towards one another at nearly 600 miles an hour.

After a quick burst of fire, the fighter sideslips to avoid collision.

Not all of the British war effort is a leisurely affair!

Gravesend Scandal

A housing estate at Gravesend may become a graveyard unless officialdom deals quickly with the primitive drainage system at Valley Drive.

During wet periods, cesspools overflow and form filthy lakes in gardens and roadway, sometimes to a depth of two feet; scum floats up to the doorsteps.

One householder piles weights on a cesspool cover in an ineffectual attempt to prevent the overflow of the noisome flood.

Waiting for Typhoid!

Residents have been protesting since 1936 and have withheld payment of rates.

But nothing happens except official correspondence.

Opinion is growing that the Ministry of Health intends to wait until a typhoid epidemic breaks out.

Near Miss

Ministry of Pensions coolly rejected a Tyneside ex-soldier's claim. Doctors said he was suffering from "psychosis," which might have developed apart from his military service.

Further inquiry brought evidence from his commanding officer that the man had fallen down a chute and suffered shock and other injuries.

The man now gets 100 per cent. pension, plus arrears of £135.

But he nearly missed it because of some blundering bureaucrat.

MA

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Let us face the fac Home Office has laid standards of equipment

But we also know—

MAKE A.R.P. an ARMY

NOW that the Government has decided to take control of all fire-fighting services, the time has surely come for the reorganisation of the whole A.R.P. system on similar lines.

Nothing short of State control, State financing and the extension of the compulsory principle will enable the country to defend itself adequately against air attack.

We stand in urgent need of a new defence army, fully trained, fully equipped and properly paid. It should be officered by men of practical experience under regional commanders chosen solely for their ability.

The splendid "veterans" of the existing A.R.P. services would form the main body of the new army, but the Government should no longer hesitate to bring it up to strength by compulsory recruitment.

When the new Bill to nationalise fire-fighting was announced, it was pointed out that this vital service is in the hands of some fourteen hundred local authorities!

JOHN BULL has always realised that this situation was grotesque. We knew, long before Mr. Morrison explained it to the House, that further progress was impossible with any army divided into so many forces.

"FLEXIBILITY AND SPEED IN ACTION" ARE, IN FACT, ESSENTIAL, AND THERE IS NO WAY TO SECURE THEM UNDER A LEGION OF LOCAL COMMANDERS.

If this be true of fire-fighting, as it obviously is, it can scarcely be less true of the other A.R.P. services.

And if the Government is now prepared to finance fire-fighting—leaving the local authorities to pay no more than 25 per cent. of the normal costs of their brigades—we can see no reason why it should not finance every other branch of A.R.P.

The truth is that in this matter, as in many others, we have been slow to learn from bitter experience.

The Battle of Britain is being fought in every part of the country night after night. It is a mistake to regard the A.R.P. workers as auxiliaries; they are magnificent troops on active service.

We owe them an inestimable debt for their courage and devotion, but as JOHN BULL has constantly maintained, bravery and loyalty are not enough to win modern wars! To go with them there must be modern machinery, full equipment and first-class staff work.

Many of our readers are already doing grand work as wardens, stretcher-bearers, ambulance-drivers, rescue-workers, and so on.

We do not need to tell *them* about the exasperating inequalities, injustices and even absurdities of the existing system.

But there must, unfortunately, be many other readers who could play a part in the A.R.P. organisation, but who have not yet done so, either from selfishness or, quite possibly, because it seems scarcely necessary in their own localities.

To all such people and, above all, to the Government itself, JOHN BULL urges the need for a different attitude of mind towards the nation's Fourth Line of Defence

THE A.R.P. SERVICES ARE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE NATIONAL WAR EFFORT; THEY RANK IN IMPORTANCE ON A LEVEL WITH THE NAVY, THE ARMY, THE AIR FORCE AND THE HOME GUARD; AND THEY ARE NO LESS DESERVING OF NATIONAL CONTROL AND TRULY NATIONAL SUPPORT.

Let us face the facts. We know that the Home Office has laid down certain minimum standards of equipment for A.R.P. workers.

But we also know—and anybody who takes the trouble to make inquiries can confirm this—that in certain localities the minimum is scarcely attained, whereas in others, under progressive local authorities, it is largely and wisely exceeded.

To take one instance among many, it was recently agreed that rescue party leaders might well be supplied with morphia-wafers to be administered on the spot to trapped air raid victims suffering great pain.

No one with ordinary human feelings could question the wisdom of this decision, but the staggering fact remains that the local authorities must decide whether they can, or cannot, afford to pay for the morphia!

In this connection the word "afford" is simply preposterous. Nevertheless, it is the operative word in regard to many other essential needs of the A.R.P. services.

When it was first formed, the Home Guard was inevitably short of equipment. Men were drilling without uniform, without rifles and without machine-guns, but, as time went on and this great service passed into national control, these deficiences were largely remedied.

What possible excuse can there be, therefore, for shortage of equipment in the far older and no less vital organisation of A.R.P.?

We can find none, and yet we know that many defence workers are still short of "tin hats"; still without proper uniform, and still almost invariably without a proper change of uniform.

Without Fear or Favour
By THE EDITOR

WARDENS AND OTHER A.R.P. WORKERS HAVE TO MEND, CLEAN AND REPLACE OUTFITS DAMAGED ON ACTIVE SERVICE AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE. IT CONSTANTLY COSTS MONEY FOR THEM TO DO THEIR DUTY.

THIS is a scandalous state of affairs, but it is merely symptomatic of a general and grave disorder. The truth is that we cannot hope for any efficient or equitable system of home defence under local finance and local control.

Nobody outside a madhouse would expect Gloucestershire to pay for "the Gloucesters" or any single county to pay for its county regiment. Army regiments may keep territorial names, but they do not keep, and could not possibly keep, territorial controls.

JOHN BULL maintains that local control of A.R.P. units is equally absurd. Town clerks, civic fathers and small "big-wigs"—many of whom have no practical training—are not capable of organising effective defence services with the necessary "flexibility and speed of action" upon which Mr. Morrison is now insisting.

What, then, do we suggest? First of all the official recognition of A.R.P. workers as troops, ranking in value with those of the Fighting Services.

We hold that they should be given Service pay, allowances and compensation. We think it would be wise to give their leaders something equivalent to Army rank and to appoint the proved "old-timers" as "generals," "colonels," "captains," "lieutenants," or whatever alternatives might be more convenient.

Local authorities should be deprived at once of all powers over these "regular A.R.P. troops." The system of regional control would need to be revised and extended; there should be appointed some confidence-inspiring "G.O.C., A.R.P. Services, and the ample powers which the Government already possesses should be used immediately and without hesitation to maintain required strength in every area.

JOHN BULL holds all volunteer workers in high esteem. Most of them are necessarily men and women engaged on work of national importance who are simply and unselfishly devoting their spare time to A.R.P.

Let all such volunteers continue to discharge their local duties. The country can count upon them to meet purely local needs.

We cannot expect them to "work overtime" for the benefit of tens of thousands of slackers.

Already we are "conscripting" men and women to war industries as well as the Fighting Services. Already, though in very half-hearted and unmethodical fashion, we are compelling ordinary folk to take their turn at fire-watching.

IN PRINCIPLE, THEREFORE, WE HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO CALL UPON ALL FIT MEN AND WOMEN WITHIN GIVEN AGE AND OCCUPATION GROUPS TO LEND A HAND IN THE A.R.P. SERVICES.

We do not suggest that rural areas need to take the same precautions as crowded urban districts, but we do say that they should supply their proper quota of full-time troops for national defence.

We should like to see every A.R.P. service brought so completely under national control that at any given moment the full-time men and women could be rushed to "the battle-front" where they were most needed.

This transformation of a hotch-potch of local effort cannot be effected from one day to the next, and yet there is no time to lose.

JOHN BULL therefore makes the additional suggestion that the Regular Army stationed at home should be called upon meanwhile to make up for any deficiencies in the A.R.P. services.

It is sheer nonsense to suggest that they would be taken away from their military duties; on the contrary, they would be called to active service sooner than they could otherwise have hoped.

The core and centre of this world war is here in our own country. Its vital battle is being, at least for the present, fought on our own soil. We need a new and splendid army to hasten the day of victory.

HUMAN MACHINE

Wasting Emotion

● The other day Mr. Churchill invited the House of Commons (and therefore the country) to keep a sense of proportion.

Better advice was never given. We can apply it to other things than the war.

We can apply it to ourselves—especially to ourselves in relation to other people.

Looking backwards isn't often a profitable game, but it is sometimes. Just occasionally it pays us all to have a look at how we behaved yesterday.

Done bravely and honestly, such an inspection helps us to face to-morrow with a better spirit and a lighter heart.

We shall find that things we thought enormously important haven't turned out that way.

We shall find that the things we worried ourselves sick about never happened at all, or that if some of them did they weren't nearly as devastating as we had anticipated.

What matters enormously is that we so often allow little things to bluff us into expending altogether too much emotion on them that we let silly things terrify us and bother us and annoy us.

It's a tendency we all have, and it's one we should sit on hard.

Life's a big thing. It's no good being obsessed by one little corner of it. We must look at a big map and keep a sense of proportion.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. J. MOORE-BRABAZON, Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—There was a chorus of good wishes when you joined the Government, another chorus when you recently took over your present job. You have no political enemies, no carping critics.

Justify those good wishes and you'll do the country a great service.

Despite Lord Beaverbrook's pioneer work, there is plenty of opportunity for you to show yourself a strong organiser.

First, there is the sub-contracting system.

Contracts are passed from one firm to another as many as five times. At each stage a good profit is made, war costs inflated.

Cut out the middlemen!

There should not be more than one intermediary between the Ministry and the small firm that does the work.

There should be far closer supervision of the small contractors, and of the materials supplied to them.

They do not receive supplies promptly enough. When the supplies are delivered they are often held up while private work is done.

For example, a garage business combines aircraft and motor work. Its aero mechanics are often taken away to carry out repairs to private cars.

One man who protested was quickly "de-reserved" and pushed into the Army. Other men are threatened with the same treatment if they expose their employers' dodge.

I shall continue to send your Ministry all the evidence I find of such hindrances to our war effort. I trust you will act upon it.—JOHN BULL.

Police Sergeant FORCES, Metropolitan Police

DEAR SERGEANT,—When the history of the *blitz* comes to be written it must record that the damage to the Houses of Parliament would have been much more serious but for you.

A fire-bomb landed on the top of Victoria Tower. Somehow you got a footing on the tubular scaffolding around the building and climbed 350 feet with a sandbag under your arm.

Yes, you put the bomb out—and staked a claim to be recognised as our champion amateur steeplejack.—JOHN BULL.

Lord REITH, Minister of Works

MY LORD,—Please publish, as quickly as possible, the report of Mr. Justice Uthwatt on land racketeering.

Contrary to public belief, the land sharks are not busy in badly blitzed towns.

But they are buying up seaside property for a song from evacuees and impoverished tradesmen. They know that prosperity will return to seaside towns after the war and thus enable them to sell out at huge profits.

Official exposure should be the first step towards outlawing this sort of speculation.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROLAND THOMAS, K.C., London Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—Magistrates who impose trumpery fines of 20s. or so in cases of food profiteering are worse than useless—they do the public a real disservice.

You are not one of them. Witness the fine and costs, amounting to £120 10s., you imposed on a Bethnal Green woman who overcharged for eggs.

Though you're a newly appointed magistrate, you have set a pattern for the rest.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—An A.F.S. man was wounded while fire-fighting. After thirteen weeks on the sick list he was discharged.

He has had five operations, is still attending hospital—and gets 35s. a week from the poor law to keep himself, his wife and his home.

Another man was trapped by a wall of flame, which even burned through his boots. He, too, was discharged after thirteen weeks—though still in hospital.

He gets 39s. a week from the P.A.C. for himself, wife and child.

An A.F.S. officer, on duty during all the big London raids, eventually developed nervous trouble. He was treated as if he had been a coward—despite the tributes that had been paid to him—and reduced to the ranks.

Now you're going to improve A.F.S. conditions. But what about these and other victims of past injustice?—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS, Ware Rural District, Herts.

GENTLEMEN,—To you the hardships of war are evidently an excuse to make money.

Tenants of your council houses must pay a shilling a week for every adult evacuee they accommodate.

What a niggling penalty for the inconvenience they are gladly suffering to help bombed people from the big towns! What a rotten example of local government!—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal GOERING, Luftwaffe Boss

SIR,—Neither the havoc at Westminster nor the damage to national treasures elsewhere will deter us from attacking Berlin when our strategists deem it advisable.

German papers presumably act on official orders when threatening us with further "reprisals."

But they also reveal, no doubt unconsciously, the official fear of the growing might of Britain's bombing armadas.

Not likely that we shall lay down one of our most powerful weapons to suit your convenience!

Nor shall we be tempted to forgo the destruction of military targets at Hamburg, Bremen, Kiel and other vital towns by the knowledge that you have lost more than 6,200 aircraft to our 2,200 machines.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal BABINGTON, Chief of R.A.F. Personnel

DEAR SIR,—A Glasgow airman crashed and was killed. His body was sent home for burial with the assurance that his "personal effects" would follow.

After thirteen weeks his bereft mother is still waiting for those trifling but valued possessions; her inquiries have been in vain.

Need Air Force routine be so callously slow?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Evacuation from Plymouth is still being muddled.

Country dwellers who have billeted evacuees for months are having to take more, even in the homes of elderly invalids.

Yet big houses near by are "missed" by the billeting officers.

You'll blame local authorities, no doubt. But it is your job to see that they are doing theirs.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—There's a miserly, chuckle-headed official whose knuckles should be rapped with the biggest ruler you can find.

He has decided that the £2-an-acre ploughing subsidy should be reckoned as part of a farmer's income and be liable for income tax.

Blistering folly, isn't it?

That grant meets only a small part of the cost of ploughing up valuable pasture land—pasture that will have to be restored after the war in many cases.

So tell that tax blunderer to think again!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. DUNCAN, M.P., Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—A firm was producing twenty to twenty-five tons of cartridge brass a day—until a new inspector arrived.

The output has dropped to five tons because he will not pass material that differs from specification by even half a thousandth of an inch.

I suggest you ask your experts whether such extremely fine limits are really essential.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. MERLE E. FRAMPTON, New York

DEAR DOCTOR,—Speaking on behalf of American workers for the blind, you give us fresh evidence of a generosity that is not tinged by any "self-preservation" interest.

"We know," you say, "that you are proud and would hesitate asking for help, but we do not consider such requests among brothers a question of pride."

So you have told every blind centre in Britain.

Our sightless victims of air raids will be grateful for your offer, and I am sure their thanks will be echoed by the whole public.—JOHN BULL.

WITH THE NIGH

Into t he F

IN Scotland, they sometim a man is "fey."

Ordinarily, such a mar anyone else. But somet little space, something happ brain and he does things impossible.

From the murmuring beac land's Western Isles, out of Mist, there came south one less, slender dreamer in R.A

In the R.A.F. camp to wh posted, the lads discovered that Iain could be ragged.

They ragged him mercile black-handled dirk they fou against his calf, for the thi mother had packed in his queer soft accent, and for graph of a girl called Morag a locket round his neck.

They did not know that ditary chief of the most fe all the Scottish fighting record of foray and murde pages of history scarlet.

Took on Si

They put strange thi blankets, exploded little pr bombs under his heels, special chest-protector to t airfield flagstaff.

One day, in a rag, th Morag was dragged out of There were six hefty y rag, but Iain came slowly o with all six clinging to bit flung the lot, one after an flight of stairs.

Then, looking unnaturall hair on end and his eyes b down the stairs after th berserk, thrashing the six still.

No one ever teased him

Despite his dreaminess face, Iain was a superlativ was chosen among the firs fighter.

He could see in the d others see in the day. dreamed on the ground, seemed to come to life l dragonfly, and to e manœuvres.

But he had very bad lu patrols.

Finding enemy raider largely a matter of lu seemed no luck for Iain.

Time and again he we terrible weather, and se Nazi killers till the la petrol was used and daw the sky.

In his sleek little *De* Polar cold, lightning, s like rain . . . and nev German aircraft.

Many times he mus their tracks in those t the darkness; often zipped through cloud ma dozen bombers were hidi

As the mileage of th grew from thousands t sands, Iain became gloomy.

They liked him well station, but after his fig the other lads were. ca offer sympathy.

WITH THE NIGHT FIGHTERS

Into the Mob he Roared

● MICHAEL CLOUD tells this week of the Man the Nazis Couldn't Kill —a young Scottish chieftain whose night fighter beat the German bombers in one of the most thrilling and heroic combats on record

IN Scotland, they sometimes say that a man is "fey."

Ordinarily, such a man is just like anyone else. But sometimes, for a little space, something happens in his brain and he does things that seem impossible.

From the murmuring beaches of Scotland's Western Isles, out of the Land of Mist, there came south one day a wordless, slender dreamer in R.A.F. uniform.

In the R.A.F. camp to which he was posted, the lads discovered immediately that Iain could be ragged.

They ragged him mercilessly for the black-handled dirk they found strapped against his calf, for the things that his mother had packed in his kit, for his queer soft accent, and for the photograph of a girl called Morag he wore in a locket round his neck.

They did not know that he was hereditary chief of the most red-handed of all the Scottish fighting clans, whose record of foray and murder turn whole pages of history scarlet.

Took on Six

They put strange things in his blankets, exploded little practice smoke-bombs under his heels, and tied his special chest-protector to the top of the airfield flagstaff.

One day, in a rag, the photo. of Morag was dragged out of the locket.

There were six hefty youths in the rag, but Iain came slowly out of his door, with all six clinging to bits of him, and flung the lot, one after another, down a flight of stairs.

Then, looking unnaturally big, with his hair on end and his eyes bleak, he came down the stairs after them and went berserk, thrashing the six till they lay still.

No one ever teased him again.

Despite his dreaminess and his girlish face, Iain was a superlative pilot, and he was chosen among the first to fly a night fighter.

He could see in the dark as well as others see in the day. Though he dreamed on the ground, in the air he seemed to come to life like a newborn dragonfly, and to equal all its manœuvres.

But he had very bad luck in his night patrols.

Finding enemy raiders was at first largely a matter of luck, and there seemed no luck for Iain.

Time and again he went up, often in terrible weather, and searched for the Nazi killers till the last drop of his petrol was used and dawn was climbing the sky.

In his sleek little *Defiant*, he faced Polar cold, lightning, gales, monsoon-like rain . . . and never even saw a German aircraft.

Many times he must have crossed their tracks in those tireless hunts in the darkness; often he must have zipped through cloud masses in which a dozen bombers were hiding.

As the mileage of these vain patrols grew from thousands to tens of thousands, Iain became depressed and gloomy.

They liked him well enough at his station, but after his fight on the stairs, the other lads were candidly afraid to offer sympathy.

Week after week, the man from the Isles turned out incredibly smart and efficient, handled his *Defiant* as if he had been born with wings, gave every satisfaction to his Wing Commander—and grew darker and more unhappy.

Then, one night, returning from patrol with almost empty tanks, he very nearly rammed four dark, fish-like bomber shapes amidst thick cloud.

Few men could have got in a single shot at them in the second before the cloud swallowed them up, but the dreamer was wide awake and had sent a short burst streaming in fiery tracers through the blackness into a Heinkel's tail before it vanished.

He saw the machine stagger.

Going round on one wingtip after it, his *Defiant* was hit by a cannon-shell and damaged. The Germans were swallowed up in the night.

Iain got his machine down safely by using a spectacular bit of trick-flying that not more than half a dozen men in the R.A.F. can execute safely; it is completely forbidden except in life-and-death emergency.

The disappointment and bitterness he suffered are part of the accepted lot of the night fighter—they are the price such men are paying to wrest from Night and the Abyss the secrets of night-flying defence.

But the lads at his station muttered to each other that Iain was going berserk again. He did!

Less than a week after his forced landing, he was upstairs on patrol when he was directed by ground apparatus directly into the path of seven oncoming bombers, flying very high in wedge formation.

Straight at them

Just as he had flown at the six men who ragged him, so he now put his *Defiant* straight at the bombers, without delay or manœuvres of any sort. Even so an Island collie might fly at a pack of wolves.

They saw him as soon as he saw them, and the dark skies split open with the simultaneous quickfiring shattering explosions of close upon thirty guns.

The typewriter rattle of machine-guns, the pop-pop-pop of shell-guns, the scream of hard-driven engines totalling nearly twenty thousand horsepower, and the whistling of the wind over stressed metal skins made an inferno, lighted by constant glares of flame from the guns as if someone opened and shut the grille of a great furnace.

Iain was fighting in a kind of glaring trance.

As he threw his *Defiant* about the night sky, roaring up in a steep zoom, whining down like a thunderbolt flung by a god, going blind as if a black curtain had been slowly pulled down before his eyes in each steep turn, with exhaust flames belching behind him like a comet's tail and white vapour trails of condensed moisture spinning out in ghostly lines from his wingtips, he found the air full of machines one minute, an empty black rushing void the next.

A big fragment of shell clanged through the armoured cockpit wall and buried itself into the parachute-pack on which Iain was sitting.

Into his brain, teeming with a thousand details of that night drama of the skies, clicked a new fact.

No baling out for him—his "brolly" was ruined. It was death or victory now.

Whistling Tornado

His glaring eyes, through the goggles, never changed.

A whistling tornado of bullets cut through the fin and tailpiece of the *Defiant*, chopping off the radio aerial and sending it humming away into darkness like a huge banjo-string.

As Iain power-dived into a fresh attack, the flying raiders faced him with a wall of bullets, and he heard one or more ping through his petrol tank.

But that sealed itself, and the raging, racing fight went on.

Every time the *Defiant* flew at the mob of Germans, they slipped into a solid formation front against him, and he had to slide past them at more than 400 m.p.h., using his guns, but mainly concerned to avoid the terrific concentration of firepower that twenty or thirty enemy gun-nests poured out in livid streams.

The battle had been swinging round in a great circle.

The tiny British challenger had achieved his principal object; he had forced his seven giant adversaries to abandon their raid objective and head, now, towards their base again, with their deadly "eggs" undropped.

For the Germans are learning very fast that, once tackled by a night fighter, they must run literally for their lives.

For other pigmy guardians of the night see the distant battle—and if fighter reinforcements arrive, the raiders' immunity is at an end.

He's off! In a few moments he will be climbing steadily into the icy altitudes of the night sky, to search for the enemy bombers whose approach over the coast has just been signalled—and to deepen the scowl on Goering's face!

By exceptional flying, these seven enemy machines kept close together, their tail-guns roaring as the *Defiant* hurtled over them, and the deathly tune picked up by midship gunners and bow-gunners.

The formation changed every time Iain tried to attack from a fresh angle.

Time and again, his scarlet tracers spouted right among the massed Germans. But each time he failed to hit any vital machinery, though it is certain by the sudden silence of some of the opposing gun-nests that he blasted German gun-crews into bloody shambles.

Going thundering past overhead for the fourth time, staring fiercely down with that set look at the mob of hurrying black shapes a thousand feet below, Iain tried new tactics.

600 Miles an Hour

He went on and on far ahead; spun round and came up with horrifying suddenness face to face with the leading bomber.

The two machines were making for each other at a combined speed of more than six hundred miles an hour, direct into a head-on collision. . . .

At last—at last—the *Defiant's* guns were at point-blank range.

With a flare like sheet lightning, they opened up in a long burst, like a flying dragon belching flame.

Whether the German leader was hit vitally in that sudden frightful attack, or whether he flinched away from the nose-to-nose crash that seemed inevitable, will never be known.

But, as the little *Defiant* came on, the big twin-engined bomber turned sideways.

The raiders had packed close so as to defend each other. There was no room for such a sudden manœuvre as this.

Clean as a knife through butter, the leader sheared his port wing through the wingtip of its next consort, and both machines dropped out of formation far and away below the night-fighter's sleekness as it passed.

The *Defiant* went round in a screeching tight turn—to see the damaged German raider nose-diving vertically downwards out of control.

Immediately after it plunged the leading bomber which had struck it—but Iain, as he watched, saw the second machine struggle, stagger, and regain an even keel, while the first, continuing headlong, splashed into a sudden glow of yellow flame as it hit an invisible earth.

The flame leapt up into a pyre—and then was left far astern, as Iain tried to overtake the escaping raider and give it a *coup de grâce*.

As he pulled open the throttle, however, the Island lad reeled in his cockpit—and found that he was smothered with his own blood.

Very carefully, he turned his machine; and somehow, displaying an endurance almost more than human, got back to his own base and made a perfect landing.

When they lifted him out, he was wounded in five places.

They thought so slight a body could not recover from such dreadful loss of blood.

Not only is Iain flying again, but he has now added another bomber to his first "bag" of one certain and one so crippled that it is practically impossible that it could have got back.

Perhaps the wreckage was washed up, in time, on the low beaches of Iain's own Isles of the Mist.

Next week: "The Bravest Trick of the War."

MAURICE FAGENCE meets the Army's new guerrillas and tells you why muscle still counts

TOUGH and READY!

A tank is a powerful weapon, but these tough-guy soldiers know many other ways of getting their man

I HAVE just spent a day with soldiers who can't get enough soldiering!

They'd rather sleep in a ditch than in a warm hut.

They'd rather do a forced march of thirty-six hours without food than sink to regular meals.

Ordinary route marches would bore them.

Discipline irks them only when it isn't strict enough.

And obeying quick-fire orders with a full pack on their backs—prescribed as a dire punishment in the Army for generations—is the sort of thing they thrive on.

In fact, you might say of these fellows, who include clerks, cooks, racing motorists, shop assistants and bookmakers, that they view the possibility of a return to civilian life with horror!

They are the new guerrillas of the British Army, recruited from men who view soldiering as the greatest job in the world so long as it is hard, dangerous and adventurous enough.

The short history of this tough-guy Army began in Norway, when independent companies of British troops were formed to worm their way behind the advancing German hordes and harass them

It was found that new-style warfare called as loudly for strong, intelligent, resourceful men with the independent spirit of adventure as it does for tanks and aeroplanes.

And, as all these are essentially British characteristics, there was no difficulty in finding such men.

To-day they work together as separate companies in some of the most famous regiments of the British Army.

Normally, these super-soldiers need no transport.

The new recruit has to *begin* by marching twenty-seven miles, with full equipment, with one halt.

Trained officers and men have done sixty-six miles, on foot, with full kit, in twenty-four hours.

They need no cooks. They are quite prepared to march for thirty-six or forty hours without a bite.

And, when they have to eat, they know how to kill a sheep and dress it as food with nothing more than a bowie knife.

And they need no fuel ration.

They sleep in whatever ditch, hedge, or dripping copse or wood happens to be at the end of their day's march.

They are taught to stand like boxers to fire their Colt automatics.

And accurate firing is instinctive—like delivering a straight right—not a question of looking over sights.

They learn how to keep warm and dry under bracken, how to light a fire that doesn't betray itself with smoke, how to know when ground has been trodden recently.

In fact, the field-lore that Baden-Powell taught to the Scouts, and which he always wanted to be included in the military curriculum, is part of their studies.

Toughness and intelligence are the two main characteristics of these new-style d'Artagnans.

What the Germans will have to put up with when they meet them—as one day they will—can be judged from their prowess in recent manœuvres.

They stole deep into enemy territory, and by dint of leaping on a passing motor-cycle despatch rider, turning him inside out, and finding just one clue in the shape of a telephone number on a scrap of paper, found where an important headquarters was situated.

Wanting information, one of them found where one of the enemy generals was staying and waited on him at table—putting a dummy bomb in his bed to prove that, under the normal conditions of warfare, he would be a casualty.

When they wanted cars they just stole them from "enemy officers"—whether force was necessary or not.

One officer had to be hit good and hard to stop him getting his car back.

He must have been a very staggered person—for he was taking no part in the manœuvres whatsoever!

On another occasion, three of them determined to find the whereabouts of an "enemy" headquarters.

So they waylaid the general, seized him by main force, and tried to compel him at the point of the Colt to take them to the place.

But he happened to be a "tough guy" himself. He had been one of the pioneers of this super-soldiery, had taught many of the arts of it.

In fact, he happens to be a man who sees that everybody under him, from highest field officer to raw recruit, cooks and clerks included, runs seven miles across country once a week.

He took them twenty miles in the wrong direction, and then said "Shoot!"

These guerrillas can seize you with a rugby tackle, throw you like any all-in wrestler—and yet have the intelligence to get the information they want by cunning and resource, if subtlety happens to be the best weapon.

They practise a form of combat known as "rough-housing" which—ask any man who has had to fight the battle for existence in some of the toughest quarters of the globe—will beat the boxer, the wrestler, or even the ju-jitsu expert.

"Beat the other man at all costs" is their motto.

A little indiscretion now and then doesn't matter.

Many of them are learning German—and are looking forward to a day when they will be able to stalk German troops on German soil.

There is an old German proverb which says that soldiering is largely a matter of knowing how to wait.

It certainly isn't true of the new British guerrillas.

Every waking hour of their day is devoted to keeping their bodies and their minds ready for the great test.

And, when it comes, they will face it gleefully—as if they had been chosen to captain England at rugger, or ride a horse in the Derby.

They see thrills and adventure in war.

They may be wrong—but it is good, when so much is at stake, to have such men.

All the Fuehrer's Pals are Scared

MANY years ago when I made my first inquiries into Hitler's life everybody I saw said just this: "His friends swear by him!"

At that time Hitler was always surrounded by friends. They were not those opportunists and highly paid secretaries and guards who share Hitler's company now. They were real friends.

But in the meantime all of them have learned that it is as dangerous to be Hitler's close friend as it is, for a German, to be his enemy. In fact Hitler has wrought havoc among his personal friends.

Take Drexel, a man whose name does not mean much outside Germany. But Drexel is the actual founder of the Nazi Party. He received Hitler, the tramp, in his early political days, made him a member of the party.

Three years later Drexel was ousted from the leadership. Hitler's intrigues had made him miserable and distrusted.

Remember Hanfstaengel "Putzi" to Hitler, in whose luxurious home the poverty-stricken Hitler found food and music.

Hanfstaengel fled Germany in fear of his life and came to Britain. At the outbreak of war he was interned, and in the camp implored British officers to send him to Canada. He feared Hitler would invade Britain and might catch him yet.

There were Roehm, Strasser, Blomberg. All real friends of Hitler. Now they are dead or in disgrace.

How many friends has Hitler left? Who are they?

Now that Hess is gone Hitler's closest friend is Brueckner, his personal A.D.C. and secretary.

Brueckner has acted as Hitler's bodyguard ever since Hitler addressed public meetings.

He tried to save his "Fuehrer" from the many blows that were aimed at him by enraged political opponents. Brueckner caught most of them with his own body.

An unintelligent, mentally limited thug, Brueckner spends more time in Hitler's company than any other man. Hitler does not feel safe when Brueckner is not about.

Two similar characters hover round Hitler. Both are plain bodyguards on whom Hitler showers favours and money.

One is Ladengruber, an S.A. leader, in command of the Hitler Guard, the other is Schaub, once his chauffeur and now just his—friend.

Nazi leaders, German diplomats and Reichswehr officers have often wrung their hands in despair because Hitler would take Schaub's advice rather than theirs.

They could not understand why Hitler preferred Schaub's company to more cultured and intelligent people.

The fact, of course, is that Hitler is constantly buying protection from his own friends. He does not feel safe unless the men in charge of his safety are made to feel that he regards them as real friends.

After the murder of Roehm there were detailed reports about Hitler's behaviour. It sounded funny to us, but we had convincing proof about the veracity of our informants.

Hitler, in his hysterical rage or fury (or sorrow about the loss of Roehm, as he called it), threw himself on the floor of his study, crying out loud and—biting the carpet.

Now I hear that the last of his "more respectable" friends is avoiding him more and more. He is Heinrich Hoffmann, his "court photographer," who has made a fortune out of his monopoly of Hitler pictures.

Hoffmann keeps away from his friend Hitler because he does not think it is safe to be the friend of a maniac in times as difficult as these.

He does not want Hitler to bite another carpet after his funeral.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

In trouble? In doubt? Whatever the subject of the matter that worries you, we will take it off your shoulders.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All you need to send with your inquiry is a stamped, addressed envelope.

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BLACK BOURSE EXPOSURES

ALTHOUGH it is only a week since I opened my new campaign against the speculators who are making big money by "cornering" and trafficking in almost every variety of food I have several announcements to make.

Demands I made seven days ago for the general licensing of all essential producers, wholesalers and retailers are likely to be officially met in the near future.

Every honest section of the Food industry, I'm proud to say, wholeheartedly supports me.

At the present time there lies on Lord Woolton's desk the details of a comprehensive registration scheme which should end roguery altogether if it is put into force thoroughly—and soon.

To stop the bribery and corruption which are these days rampant where food prices and distribution are concerned we must rid ourselves of the "middleman"—the crafty juggler who makes big profits by manipulations between wholesalers and retailers.

Must be Wiped Out

In future, producers should not be allowed to supply anybody outside the wholesale trade.

Then wholesalers should, by law, be permitted only to deal with retailers who are registered with them.

No one without a licence should be allowed to deal in foodstuffs at all.

Any person entrusted with a licence who fails to comply with the regulations covering its issue, or who commits any offence, should be liable to have his licence rescinded and, if the circumstances are serious enough, be prosecuted and punished.

Quickly must the "Black Bourse" which has sprung up lately in the East End of London and in some of the leading provincial towns be wiped out.

Small fortunes have been made in the last few weeks by outside speculators. Investigators, working for the Food Ministry have made many discoveries about different groups of financiers who gamble on the fact that they can always find traders willing to pay highly inflated prices for illicit supplies.

Cheese, onions, apples, canned foods—even meat and meat substitutes—are always available for those who will pay more than the controlled prices for them.

There is a constant and ready market for the eatables in which they are trafficking.

Just how widespread it is can be judged by a few typical illustrations. An importer of onions in one market was offered £500 if he would supply, illegally, 500 cases of onions to an agent acting for a chain of hotels.

The man who offered the bribe is staying at a fashionable West End hotel and is a most active member of the "Black Bourse." I happen to know that police officers have already taken several statements about his operations.

Another salesman was offered three £25 notes if he would "arrange" the dispatch of four lorry loads of apples to a certain address.

Oranges, originally bought for less than £3 a case, and which had been stolen, were sold by members of the "Black Bourse" at a profit of £5 a case.

Official inquiries are now being made into this transaction.

Several financiers who are concerned in one private syndicate used to be very active in share pushing in days when society men with wealthy friends could be found to put up money for quick, though questionable, deals.

Apart from the financing of what are called "black market" deals in the City of London and elsewhere it is known that more than £1,000,000 has recently been made by "Bourse" speculators through the disposal of stolen property.

Almost endless are the tricks which food pirates now resort to. Some refer to their goods as "ones," "twos," and "threes," giving the impression that they are made up of one, two or three pounds. When invoices are checked, however, it is found that the cases concerned are not supposed to contain any specific amount!

Jam is often packed in jars which are specially made in deceptive shapes. Though they appear on the surface to hold the ordinary complement they actually hold ounces less than they should. In the jargon of the "Black Bourse," they are called "slants."

Tinned fruit bought up by "Black Bourse" speculators is also put into similar receptacles.

As only the prices of tinned fruit are controlled, as much as 6s. 6d. has been made on Blue Plums by the mere process of transferring them into bottles!

One Rogue is Caught

There is likely to be a great rise in the prices of dried fruits. Supplies to-day are insufficient to meet even the normal demands. Unless the Minister of Food acts quickly the profiteers will make large sums through releasing supplies with which they have been bargaining and are withholding from public issue until the prices soar.

A rogue named Leo Friedberg was rounded up a few weeks ago by members of the Flying Squad now specialising in inquiries about "Black Bourse" speculators. He was buying up tinned salmon to sell again at inflated prices and would still be doing so if he hadn't made a fraudulent slip.

Small traders tell me that, in order to get things they need for customers, they have to buy from speculators goods they do not want. "I only got a supply of honey," says a Gillingham shopkeeper, "by buying tins of carrots."

And if he doesn't push them on to his customers he must hold the baby himself.

Investigation shows that "Black Bourse" financiers are making rich harvests by dumping unwanted supplies of unrationed foodstuffs on to traders who are under their thumb.

False invoices are supplied to the shopkeepers, who have to pay a cash sum over the invoiced price of the goods.

Prices fixed by the Food Ministry make no difference to this detestable form of racketeering.

The retailer, as things stand at present, is in a cleft stick. If he refuses to pay the extra price, his supply of other essential goods will be cut off, which may well mean the closing down of his business.

A grocer in South London bought a certain grade of imported eggs at the official price of 22s. 6d. a hundred. But the supplier explained that the figure in question was "invoice price," and he was mulcted for an extra 10s. for every hundred eggs he took.

In one fruit market a week or two ago a man who wanted to buy oranges had to have foisted on him a large supply of carrots at 6s. 6d. a bag of 56 lb. when the customary price was between 4s. and 5s.!

Another buyer needed twenty bushels of apples, and got them only because he agreed to take twenty bags of swedes at 3s. a bag instead of 1s. 3d.

Another disgusted purchaser wanted onions. He was only able to obtain a restricted supply by taking unwanted carrots and savoys, which cost him £5 odd instead of the reigning price of 34s. But only the 34s. went down in the seller's books—the remainder went into his pockets.

"Why don't you complain to the Food Ministry?" one of my representatives asked one of these "Black Bourse" victims. The reply came back at once and it was just typical of those that are made in these days in answer to such questions:

"If anyone squeaks he may be certain that he will get no more supplies. . . . And something far worse might happen to him if he says too much!"

It is Blackmail

That, I regret to say, is one of the reasons why Lord Woolton and his investigators find it so difficult to get information upon which they should be able to put these food pirates into the dock

If any of my readers have information relating to any phase of this grave subject, and will send it along to me in confidence, I will do everything I possibly can to bring the offenders to book.

Men who traffic in the nation's food at a time like that through which we are now passing deserve no pity.

Next week Sir Wyndham will make further disclosures about other food rackets. He will appreciate any co-operation readers can give him in a campaign which he hopes will end in drastic reforms.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. A. Benson, of Ranby Road, Endcliffe, Sheffield, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. He sent me helpful information about food rackets.

Write about any matter needing inquiry, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

The Jam Muddle

HUNDREDS of tons of fruit will be wasted unless the Food Ministry deals boldly with the communal jam-making scheme.

At present it is half-baked and looks like becoming chaotic.

It is obvious that the details have not been carefully thought out.

The idea is that since no extra sugar can be allowed this year for individual jam-making, people are asked to sell their fruit to local women's organisations. They will receive extra sugar and the jam made is to be sold through the trade in the ordinary way on a ration basis.

But there is a widespread impression that those who sell their fruit and members of the women's organisations will be able to buy jam over and above the ration.

★ ★ ★

The chairman of the Weybridge Food Committee stated that 10 lb. of jam per ration book could be bought in this way.

Nothing of the sort, says the Ministry; but if the chairman of a food committee thinks so, the instructions issued must be very vague.

Here are some other snags:

The rural wife sells her fruit to the local Women's Institute at wholesale price. If plums are plentiful she may be paid as little as ¼d. per lb. for her plums. She will then have the privilege of buying her ration of plum jam at a shop at 9d. per lb.

She could make her own jam at about 4d. per lb.!

Then who is to get the profit?

Mrs. Marriage, chairman of the Essex Federation of Women's Institutes, said recently that "this scheme had been thrust on them and they received no benefit for their hard work."

★ ★ ★

Captain Sawyer, Food Controller of the Northern Area, speaking to indignant wives, said that he did not like the Government scheme any more than the Women's Institutes did.

Against that we have the announcement by Mr. G. H. Froude, chairman of the Weybridge Food Committee, who stated that the women seemed very enthusiastic about the scheme.

This enthusiasm was probably due to his optimistic statement that the members of the women's organisations would get an extra jam allowance of 10 lb. per ration book!

Arrangements for collecting fruit seem to be as vague as most other things in the scheme.

If it is to be a success the Food Ministry must re-examine the whole proposal at once, there must be some guarantee of reasonable prices for the fruit, and the final plans must be publicised and made perfectly clear without delay.

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

COULD "WAR AIMS" BE FRAMED?

● On paper, all the arguments are for writing down, so that the world may know, what are called "war aims," but for which "peace aims" is a better description.

"Then we should know where we are," many argue. At times I have been inclined to agree.

But I now know that anyone who started on the job would find himself trying to do the impossible.

Take, for instance, the friendly foreigners now in London. They do not agree among themselves!

The Austrians are probably the most widely split of all the nations represented here. When, months ago, they tried to form a national group, it started with intense dissension.

Even the Dutch are by no means in agreement.

And as for the Poles, they are so divided that whereas many of them here would wish to establish Socialism on their return, an extreme Right Wing is so Fascist that, printing violent anti-Semitism in its unauthorised periodical *Jestem Polakiem*, it has justified this by publishing fabulous stories of how, centuries ago, the English crucified Irishmen on farm-yard doors!

Then the Belgians are divided over King Leopold.

As for the French, there are pro-Fascist-minded elements among them.

When I asked a prominent Pole the other day, "Are you at war with Italy?" he said, "No. We have many cultural and religious contacts with the Italians."

"Would you fight against the Italians in Africa?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he replied.

War aims!

WHY NOT A "FREE GERMAN" PARTY?

● A "Free German" movement actually exists in Britain, though not under that name.

There is, for instance, a Free German trade union group recognised by the T.U.C. and the International Federation of Trade Unions, and a Union of German Socialists in Great Britain.

The number of German Liberals and Catholics here is comparatively few.

As to a German "counter government," or a more or less official committee, which would have to be recognised by the British Government, all responsible German political refugees agree that, at least for the time being, it would look rather silly.

The German exiles are much more modest. They would welcome the chance of taking part in the propaganda to Germany, especially on the B.B.C. But they are not even given that chance! Duff Cooper is against it.

And, as everybody knows, the successes of British propaganda abroad are so overwhelming and universally recognised that he *must* be right.

Ha, ha!

WHY TOLERATE BLITZ SIGHTSEERS?

● After every big raid we have the spectacle of thousands of folk flocking to town to stare at the damage. Should this be tolerated?

"They get in the way of clearing up the mess," complain A.R.P. workers.

Well, you cannot have it both ways. "Tell the public the truth," people demand whenever Censorship interferes with the publication of essential facts.

One of the best ways of letting the public know the truth is to let them see the damage of the raids.

Besides, to what extent are they merely sightseers?

I saw in Leicester Square, after a big raid, a crowd of people looking at the damage.

Yet probably most of them were merely on their way to and from work, people who had stopped for a minute or two while passing by.

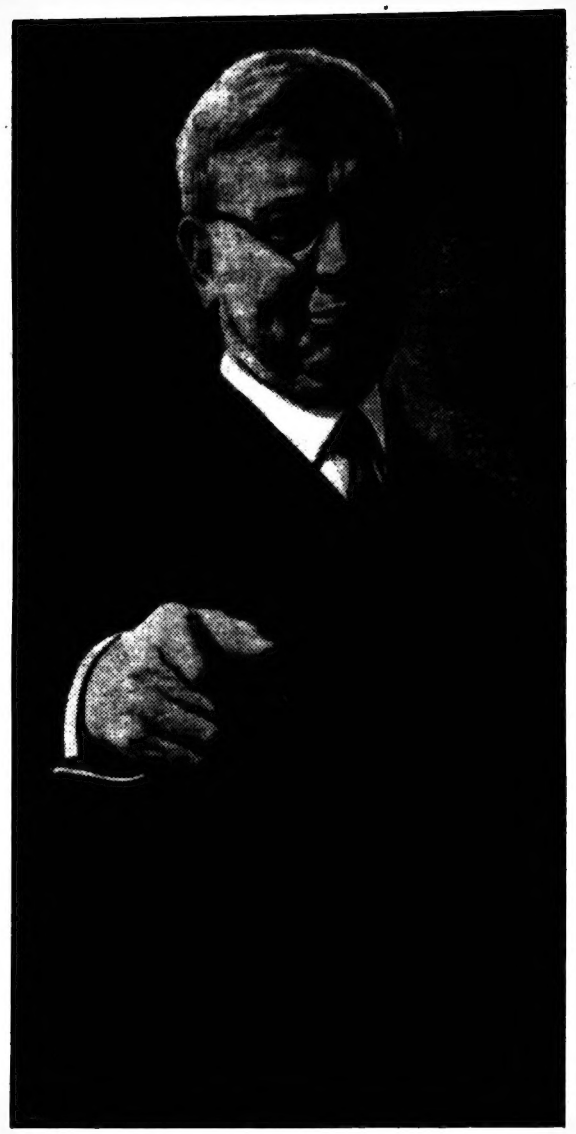
If this sort of thing were prevented, there would be a devil of a row.

London surely belongs to the people of London. Can't they look at it?

If essential work is being hampered, the traffic should be diverted. Besides, no one could stop every sightseer and make him or her prove a right to walk along a certain street.

WHO WILL WRITE THE GREAT HISTORY?

● Last time, L.G. was the war's most reliable historian. After all, he was the only man in the world who remained a Cabinet Minister entirely throughout the conflict.



"When the Battle of the Atlantic is won the moral factor will come into the scales with decisive force"

And as he himself told me: "I am an old family lawyer. I always keep all the papers—and I am the only man who ever had all the lot."

This time, if he survives till peace comes, it will be Winston. He is an almost incomparable master of prose; and he knows how to marshal facts dramatically without overstating them.

For his book on Marlborough he was paid £17,000, to the publisher's profit. His war book would earn for him more than was ever made by an author with a single work.

CAN WE REALLY PLAN THE FUTURE?

● According to the Archbishop of Canterbury, we dare not wait until the war is over "to conserve an order of Civilisation better than that which is being destroyed before our eyes."

What does he mean by "we," I wonder?

More planning for the modernising of Civilisation is now going on than was ever the case in the world's history. It is occupying the minds of groups all over the country.

Even the Government is taking part, for Arthur Greenwood, a member of the War Cabinet, is making this sort of thing his job.

The Archbishop of York and his Malvern conference have gone much farther, I believe, than his brother of Canterbury would go. They have pledged the Church to social reforms of a kind which I do not remember hearing the Primate advocate.

But the plain, stark truth is that whatever people may plan in their parlours or in their local conferences, the real planning, the working out in detail, will have to be done by the Government of the day.

And the extent to which that Government will conserve and modernise depends entirely upon its political character.

This means that it depends on you and me. For, after all, our votes send the Government to power.

MARK T

Machines, machines, and more ma...ines. No one any lon... the urgency of that call in our driv... to victory, but there ... vital weapon—the sword of the ...pirit. The Nazi gang... catch up ... on that

By A. G. GARDINER

IN order to get a just perspective of the war both the material and the moral currents must be kept steadily in view. Bismarck used to call them the ponderables and the imponderables.

In the first phases it is the material factor that counts most. In the end—if the end can be sufficiently delayed—it is the moral factor which is decisive. Let us look at the two currents in turn.

ON THE MATERIAL SIDE HITLER STARTED WITH ALL THE CARDS IN HIS HAND.

HE HAD STEALTHILY FORGED THE MIGHTIEST WEAPON IN HISTORY, WHILE HIS VICTIMS WERE TALKING PEACE AND DISARMAMENT.

He contemplated "totalitarian" war on a scale of ferocity undreamed of.

Side by side with his diabolical military plot, he wove a web of treachery and corruption throughout the world.

He baited his hook with all the hates and fears that afflicted this people or that.

He did not make war: he engineered terror. His aim was not to fight armies: it was to massacre helpless populations, to burn undefended cities.

Up to last summer his success was staggering.

Then came the Battle of Britain. And just as the battle of the Marne presaged the defeat of the Kaiser's Germany, that battle foreshadowed the defeat of Hitler's Germany.

He had to start again with a new plan and a new strategy. The terrific impetus of his original onset had been checked.

HE SHOULD NEVER RECOVER THAT IMPETUS. HE WILL NOT RECOVER IT IF WE CAN HOLD HIM AT BAY OVER THE NEXT THREE MONTHS. BUT WE MUST BEWARE.

The initial advantage with which Hitler started is not exhausted. Under the glamour of Wavell's and Cunningham's triumphs over Mussolini in the winter we were tempted to think it was.

But Hitler has made a formidable "come-back" in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and the issue of the second phase of the war is in the balance.

That phase has discovered disquieting chinks in our armour. Not in our Navy, nor in our Air Force, nor in our Army, nor in our people. They have all been beyond praise.

Our intelligence service and our diplomatic service had been gravely caught out in Libya, and still more in Irak.

No new thing, this. Consider their blindness in the past to what was happening in Germany, in Italy, in Spain.

The failure to enlist the full measure of India's support in the war is deplorable.

There is still gross waste ... home production.

And the charge that ... "kid-glove methods" ha... You must fight gangsters ... own weapons.

FINALLY, ON THE ... THERE IS THE ATLANTI... THE CARD ON WHICH H... —THAT, AND THE DEST... CITIES. IN THE FACE ... THERE IS NO NEED ... GRAVITY OF THAT PER...

Fortunately, it has be... imprisonment and ceasel... *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisen*... recent successes of the ... raiders.

With the United Stat... the fact that her fate i... own in the Atlantic, the ... months ahead should be ...

If they are, the seco... should end no less victor... phase ended at the Strai...

Then the moral fact... scales with decisive forc...

THIS IS A SPIRI... DEEPER SENSE THAN E... WITH ANY WAR IN HI... POSSIBLE EXCEPTION ... IN AMERICA.

IN...

THIS time we will not sa... Mr. Brown. For Mr. ... told the British ar... Bible Society: "I do not kn... have not suffered from ... abundance of intelligence ... years." And Mr. Brown, ... Health, also announced th... discovery that intelligenc... wisdom.

Alas, how true he is! I ... intelligent people. A reci... follies and failings, their ... lapses would fill pages of ... if I wrote them. Yet tho... sonal weaknesses, mostly o... and do not affect the pow... brains.

★ ★

Intelligence is a two-edge... brings a certain clarity o... quick mental reaction. ... brings intolerance. It aw... tempt for stupidity; rarely ... with patience.

Yet, if ever intelligence ... it is needed to-day. It ... portant than wisdom. Of t... gifted with wisdom, the ... intelligence, trapped in a...

RK THIS, HITLER!

...ines. No one any longer doubts ...e to victory, but there is another ...pirit. The Nazi gangsters can't ...on that

GARDINER

There is still gross waste and inefficiency in home production.

And the charge that we are hampered by "kid-glove methods" has much force in it. You must fight gangsters with the gangsters' own weapons.

FINALLY, ON THE MATERIAL SIDE, THERE IS THE ATLANTIC PERIL. THAT IS THE CARD ON WHICH HITLER IS BANKING —THAT, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR CITIES. IN THE FACE OF THE SINKINGS THERE IS NO NEED TO STRESS THE GRAVITY OF THAT PERIL.

Fortunately, it has been minimised by the imprisonment and ceaseless bombing of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* at Brest, and by recent successes of the Navy against other raiders.

With the United States now fully alive to the fact that her fate is at stake with our own in the Atlantic, the critical two or three months ahead should be survived.

If they are, the second phase of the war should end no less victoriously than the first phase ended at the Straits of Dover.

Then the moral factor will come into the scales with decisive force.

THIS IS A SPIRITUAL WAR IN A DEEPER SENSE THAN HAS BEEN THE CASE WITH ANY WAR IN HISTORY, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

It is a war for the soul of the world.

It is a war which will decide whether two thousand years of Christian civilisation shall be overwhelmed by a tidal wave of Satanism or whether from the horrors of this time mankind shall emerge into the light of a greater and better day than has ever dawned upon it.

With such alternatives, and with the fear of Hitler's terror machine exploded, who can doubt what the choice of mankind will be?

That terror has paralysed action, but now that this nation has, to its eternal glory, shown that Satanism is not invincible the reaction has set in.

It has set in under the inspiration of the people of this land. Never in history has there been such a spectacle of human grandeur as this country offers to-day.

From the smoking ruins of its cities, from the embers of its desecrated temples, from the ashes of its Parliament house, it has proclaimed with one voice that it will perish rather than suffer the powers of hell to prevail against the freedom of the human spirit.

To this great crusade it has dedicated all that it values, its homes, its treasured memorials, its loved ones, its wealth.

And that affirmation of an indestructible faith in human freedom is awakening a response in all lands. You may almost hear the gathering wind.

It comes from Norway, from Poland, from Czechoslovakia, from Holland, from Belgium, even from little Denmark. (Did you note that moving little broadcast from a Dane who had escaped to join the R.A.F.?)

Everywhere the temper of the people is rising against the foul invader. Everywhere the morale of that invader is wilting under the growing contempt and hatred in which he is held. And France? Is it to be supposed that the spirit of the "Marseillaise" has perished for ever from the soul of that great people?

If Vichy holds out against its quislings it is because ninety per cent. of the people are burning for deliverance and revenge.

So even in Italy, even in Spain, all that is best in those lands is inspired with a new hope.

FROM FAR CHINA, FIGHTING AS HEROIC A BATTLE AS OUR OWN, COMES CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ASSURANCE THAT OUR STAND AGAINST TYRANNY HAS PUT NEW LIFE INTO THEIR STRUGGLE, AND THAT GIVEN THE TOOLS THEY, TOO, CAN "FINISH THE JOB."

AND, BACK OF ALL, THE MIGHTY POTENTIALITY OF THE AMERICAS, FROM THE FROZEN NORTH TO THE FROZEN SOUTH, IS BEING MARSHALLED IN THE CAUSE OF THIS SPIRITUAL WAR.

Not so speedily in the case of the United States as we might have expected from "the land of the free"; but inevitably and with gathering momentum.

And meanwhile what of Hitler? He has nothing to offer mankind except chains and the concentration camp, slavery and the secret police. Prick the legend of his invincibility and his mockery of an Empire will collapse about his ears "with hideous ruin and combustion."

IT MAY BE THAT IN THE FLIGHT OF THE DEPUTY FUEHRER WE ARE WITNESSING THE FIRST TREMOR OF THAT COLLAPSE.

But we must strengthen the weak places in our armour. We must win the Battle of the Atlantic this summer.

Then the moral forces of the world will sweep the Beast back into the Abyss.

INTELLIGENCE IS A WEAPON, TOO

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

THIS time we will not say "Yes" to Mr. Brown. For Mr. Brown has told the British and Foreign Bible Society: "I do not know that we have not suffered from a super-abundance of intelligence in recent years." And Mr. Brown, Minister of Health, also announced the profound discovery that intelligence is not wisdom.

Alas, how true he is! I know many intelligent people. A recital of their follies and failings, their vanities and lapses would fill pages of this journal if I wrote them. Yet those are personal weaknesses, mostly of the flesh, and do not affect the power of their brains.

★ ★ ★

Intelligence is a two-edged asset. It brings a certain clarity of vision, a quick mental reaction. But it also brings intolerance. It awakens contempt for stupidity; rarely is it linked with patience.

Yet, if ever intelligence were needed, it is needed to-day. It is more important than wisdom. Of two men, one gifted with wisdom, the other with intelligence, trapped in a field by a mad bull, I would back the latter to escape.

Intelligence will win this war—a far-seeing intelligence which can plan our factories and achieve 100 per cent. production of tanks and 'planes, which can handle those machines to the best advantage, which can evolve new devices, new strategy, new schemes.

I doubt whether that "super-abundance of intelligence" of which Mr. Brown spoke really existed in places that mattered. Was it intelligence or stupidity that allowed Hitler to rearm Germany, to instil the poison of Nazism in the minds of millions of people and to loose on humanity the most terrible war in history?

Was it intelligence or stupidity that left Britain in a state of utter unpreparedness when war began?

Was it intelligence or stupidity which, even *after* the war began, gave to the nation a false complacency and led us to the brink of disaster?

Neither Mr Brown nor I need answer those questions. History will point the answers.

Wisdom, serenity of mind, a philosophic outlook will get us nowhere to-day. In that drive to victory we want the intelligence of this nation fully marshalled and fully employed against Hitler and his murdering gang.

Those young pilots of the R.A.F. who saved Britain last autumn are selected for two things—physical fitness and intelligence. In the air a quick flexible brain is more use to a pilot than all the wisdom that has come to man through the ages.

Can Mr. Brown deny that?

Can *we* as a nation suffer because we have too much brain power to draw upon?

Perhaps Lord Beaverbrook and the "back-room boys" employed by the Ministry of Aircraft Production can supply the answer.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps, on the other hand, the answer may be found in those many research laboratories of Britain where night and day science wages the unseen war against Germany.

Perhaps Mr. Churchill himself could give the answer to his minister. For the Prime Minister, I feel sure, has the utmost respect for intelligence. In his sweep of the political stables the Premier showed his regard for this quality in the appointments he made.

★ ★ ★

In the past, it seems, we have suffered not only from lack of intelligence, but from lack of vision. No one in his right senses dare claim that we have suffered from a surfeit of the latter quality.

Had we had men of vision at the helm of the Ship of State during the past ten years Europe to-day would not be suffering from the murderous ambitions of a madman.

That is neither here nor there. What really matters is the future, not the past. All the wisdom in the world will not, could not, save us from Nazi slavery.

Intelligence, used properly, used to the nth degree, diverted into channels of production, strategy and offensive war, will play a leading part in the struggle ahead

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

HOW clumsy we are in discussing the war in front of children.

I know youngsters who are packed with stories they should never have heard

Such subjects as terrible mutilation and the saddest kind of bereavement can surely be kept from their young ears.

Hitler destroys so much—but don't let us allow him to disable the mind of youth.—Margaret Bonsfield, North Terrace, Wallsend.

In one village 20 miles from London the youngsters—most of whom have endured London raids—have been taught by the authorities that the war ends at a village three miles nearer London, and have no fears as a result. A schoolteacher qualified to mould young minds properly keeps them instructed on war matters.

Saves in the End

That reader who pointed out countless small ways in which food can be wasted tripped badly in including the cheese put in mouse-traps.

I have seen a shipload of sugar—thousands of tons of it—completely ruined by mice. And this in war-time, when a few pounds of that commodity is precious.

Mice can have my small cheese ration. If it lures them to destruction I shall know that every ounce eaten will save food for whole families.—S. J. Silvester, Blakedown, near Kidderminster.

Where's the Sense?

Joining the Auxiliary Fire Service as a messenger when war was declared, I was dismissed a few weeks later as too young.

So I took on twelve hours' service a night as a part-time worker.

Reading the desperate appeals for more auxiliary firemen, I again put in my application.

I learned that I am still too young to do the work I do twelve hours every night.—R. E., Cherbury Street, Hoxton, N.1

Quick Mover

You wonder what is the record in quick promotion.

I joined the R.F.A. at Topsom Barracks, Exeter, early on September 29, 1914, and sat down for a meal with the gunners and drivers.

I passed out and qualified for the rank of sergeant the same afternoon, appeared in orders as sergeant that night, and dined as a sergeant in the mess that evening.

From civilian to sergeant in a day—and without stepping straight into sergeant's rank either.—H. J. Shrubsole, Queen's Road, Ash, Canterbury.

nept Experts

No wonder things go wrong.

In Dundee an architect has been appointed food officer.

Another food officer is a retired planter from out East.

What the devil can they know about it?

Why not appoint men with a knowledge of the food trade—N. S., Broughty Ferry, Angus.

Ministries are suffering from too many experts from this trade or that. To mention one, the Food Ministry might be efficient if it wasn't for the people imported from the food trades. Best Government Press Officers in Whitehall are not journalists—but the able and genial naval commanders who do the job at the Admiralty.

They're Particular

My husband went to get a local allotment.

They said to him warningly: "You won't want to work it on Sundays, will you?"

He said he would try to manage without Sunday work, so they asked him whether he had any children.

"Yes," he told them. "Two boys."

"We prefer somebody who hasn't got children," they said.

Possibly they prefer a bachelor, who has to feed nobody but himself, and who makes little demand on the cargo space of ships brought here by our brave sailors.

Why don't we take th's war seriously?—Mrs. Fagg, Springfield Park Road. (Town omitted from address. Will Mrs. Fagg please forward?)

Playing at War

Interesting to read in JOHN BULL about the wonderful things unskilled workers are doing in the aircraft factories.

Yet we still keep skilled workers busy making model aeroplanes—and, what is more, using duralumin and other precious materials in doing so.

Both those workers and the materials they use should be forthwith devoted to the *real thing*.—W. J. Kerswell, Queen's Road, St. George, Bristol 5.

Photos Under Fire

The snapper snapped as he goes nearer to a barking howitzer than the regulations allow

ARE cameramen ever decorated for their bravery in war? They deserve to be.

Soldiers, sailors and airmen who see the results of their work in the newspapers and on the news-reels are among the first to admire them for the hazards they run.

Look at some of the official pictures of the last war—some taken almost at the point of the bayonet.

And those taken during this war on the battlefield, on the sea and in the air, and always when danger is at its greatest.

I am afraid we take their work too much for granted—both we, for whom they run risks, and officialdom too.—E. N., Howbury Street, Bedford.

British military mind (unlike those of Navy and R.A.F.) is apt to regard them as "bally nuisances."

Scrubbed Out

I'll make a bet that if the German parachute troops who took Corinth had three days in my unit they'd have all the adventure knocked out of them.

We move from billet to billet. Each new billet has to be scrubbed for three solid days. As soon as it is clean we have to give it up. So we scrub it for another three days.

We repeat this process with each new billet.

Our C.O. thinks this keeps us from going to seed.

We could beat all the assembled charwomen of Whitehall at a scrubbing job—but, as for fighting, the toughest of us have had it all scrubbed out of us.—Private E. A., Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Help Disdained

I am an eighteen-year-old Jewish girl, British by birth, an out-and-out patriot, although of naturalised parents, yet since I have left a commercial school where I trained as a shorthand typist I have found it impossible to obtain a situation owing to my religion.

Even the Ministry of Supply refuse to see me.

I was eager, like so many girls who want to help, to join one of the Services. I have filled up a form of application and have heard—nothing.

Surely I am not going to meet with antagonism from this quarter, too?—Miss M. Goldstein, Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex.

So many readers not of the Jewish Faith have written telling us of the same difficulties that we doubt whether intolerance is really the reason. Anyhow, who'll give her a chance?

Don't Blame Them All!

Blame the whole German nation, says the Australian Prime Minister. Not the one man, Hitler.

In 1925 the German Trade Union Congress was held at Breslau.

It passed a resolution that would have made this war impossible.

Every affiliated trade union was, in the event of an outbreak of war, to do all in its power to prevent the manufacture of arms and munitions and the transport through Germany of troops and armaments.

A similar resolution passed in Vienna by the International Trade Union Congress pledged an international strike in the event of war.

What do such resolutions represent? Low cunning on behalf of the German people while they rearmed for war?

All I know is that if they had been carried out this world would have been saved indescribable horror and destruction.—C. S. Deall, Churchfields, Salisbury, Wilts.

They were sincere resolutions. That's why warmonger Hitler crushed the trade unions.

Wickedest Men in the World

ONE of Europe's fiercest armed bands is once more gathering in the dark Transylvanian mountains, swinging their rifles, shouting wild war cries, ransacking the civil population and going forth on political and military expeditions of their own.

They are the "Rongyos Garda," the Hungarian reactionary "Guards in Rags." Now they are clamouring for more territory for Hungary at the expense of Rumania.

Their leader is Ivan Hejjas, a cruel Hungarian ex-officer who is guilty of torturing thousands of his compatriots more ruthlessly than even the Nazis do.

★ ★ ★

I do not pretend to be able to disentangle the present political affiliations of Hejjas. It stands to reason that Hitler is using him and his Guards as a threat hanging over both the Rumanian and the Hungarian puppet governments.

Horthy and Hejjas and the violent Captain Pronai sat together at the officers' mess at Sopron shortly after the last war. There they planned their coups which were to oust the Communist Bela Kun from his stronghold in Budapest.

Blood flowed in streams. Never before had so many political murders been committed in so short a time.

Hejjas and Pronai were wild anti-Semites. In their rage while "cleaning up the Bolsheviks" thousands of innocent Jews were mutilated and shot.

"Cut his arm off," rang Hejjas' command as they brought yet another hapless victim before him.

★ ★ ★

Sitting in the Hotel Britannia at Budapest, Horthy and Hejjas signed hundreds of death sentences. Thousands of alleged Bolsheviks were sent "swimming in the Danube"—murdered and thrown into the river.

After the fearful events of 1919 and 1920 the world forgot Hejjas. But masking under the guise of a wine merchant—he is a heavy drinker—he kept his organisation alive. Reactionary elements found opportunity to indulge in politics in Hejjas' circle.

Now again the mountain ranges on Hungary's frontier hear the battle-cry of the Guards in Rags: "Nem nem soha." It means: "No, no, never"—and for Hejjas it expresses his intention never to rest as long as there is another chance to fight, to murder, to mutilate.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

EVENING NEWS TIMES:—"Farmers, food suppliers and others who require rationed foodstuffs, such as bran meal and sugar, as bait for rats, leather-jackets and other PETS may be granted special facilities."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—". . . fined one guinea and two guineas advocate's FEET at the local court."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Japan has closed the only route by which refugees could LEASE Sweden."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"A nine-weeks-old baby died from neglect and PROPER feeding."

CARDIGAN AND TIVY-SIDE ADVERTISER:—"The Minister of Agriculture spoke at Hereford on Wednesday about the WARMERS' war time efforts."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—". . . of the CRIMES committed by juveniles, only 10 per cent. apply to evacuee children."

What's in a Name?

THE contrast between the two men was marked. Reginald Link was a meek, retiring, undersized little man with a shy manner and a voice that rarely rose above a whisper.

He wore a shabby suit and slightly soiled collars, and there was always a button off his shirt.

Altogether, he looked neglected and unsuccessful, which he was. If you looked closely into his shining dark eyes (set beneath a handsome forehead) you would sometimes detect a wistful, harassed expression there.

The sort of expression that might belong to a man who longed to fly away from the worries and pitfalls of life and be at peace on a desert island with his modest library and his typewriter.

And that is exactly what he did long to do.

For a man who had written one masterpiece and had narrowly missed writing others, Reginald Link was singularly unimpressive. A pair of glowing eyes and a forehead are not enough.

He had found that out to his cost, and sometimes (in fact very often) he wished with all his heart and soul that he could be like his friend Somerset Redvers Bloor.

Somerset Redvers Bloor. It made a grand splash across the title-page of a book, of which he had a round score to his credit.

And it was inevitable, Mr. Link thought, that a grand name like that should be mixed up with grand things.

Everything about Bloor was excessively grand. His gigantic person, rigged out by Savile Row and the Burlington Arcade. His house, his wife, his expensive motor-car, his unrivalled collection of first editions.

Above all, his swagger and his self-assurance. He was a magnificent lion to Mr. Link's timid mouse.

In one thing, however, he was not so grand: his writing. Somerset Redvers Bloor was known as the King of Romance. "Bloor for Heart-throbs" was the caption under which his publishers advertised him, and his novels rarely sold fewer than a hundred thousand copies.

A very different kettle of fish was Mr. Link. Mr. Link wrote like an angel and subsisted like a pauper—or very nearly.

His masterpiece had brought him no shekels but much praise.

Not unnaturally, Mr. Link's wife had something to say about this. She had married him in the first place because people who knew said that Reginald Link had a decided future, and the kind of future Ethel visualised was inseparable from the spending of money.

Ethel had dreamed of rich carpets and soft divans, and a maid to help her into and out of her frocks.

WHEREAS, after ten years of Mr. Link, the reality was a modest detached villa and a woman who came in to clean it twice a week.

This was simply not good enough. The glamour which some women seem to see in marrying a novelist had long worn away, and Mr. Link stood revealed for what he was—a poor fish who could barely earn enough to keep a home going.

Ethel began to pitch into him. His breakfasts became a horror to Mr. Link. He would come down to them in fear and trembling, for Ethel had spent most of the previous night in winding herself up, and the coiled spring of her venom was all set to go off at nine a.m.

The district, the daily woman, the lack of holidays, clothes, a car. The poky little house and garden, the shabby furniture, her need of beauty treatments and new hair fashions.

These were Ethel's stock grievances,

Between the two men the contrast was marked

and she trotted them all out with the regularity of clockwork.

"Look at me. I'm a fine advertisement for a novelist's wife! Walking out with a basket every day to do my own shopping. If you can call it shopping.

"The grocer's, the butcher's, the baker's—that's where all the money goes that I ever spend. Don't you think I ever want a new hat, a hairwave, a week-end in town?"

AND then the worried look, the harassed, wistful look would come into Mr. Link's eyes. How desperately he longed for peace!

"I'm sorry, my dear," he would say meekly. "You know I would love you to have all these things. Perhaps the next book ——"

"The next book," burst forth Ethel, "or the next, or the next after that. You don't know how tired I am of it all. You were saying that five years ago.

"The next book was to buy us a cruise, a house in the country, a car. And what have they bought us, these next books? Do you know I haven't had a new outfit for a year?"

Mr. Link flushed. "I can only work, Ethel," he said timidly. "I'm sure I do my best. I always get a good Press, but somehow, the public——"

"That's right," sneered Ethel, "blame the public. It's yourself that's to blame. If you'd only given the public what it wanted all these years instead of going your own pigheaded way, you'd be a rich man. Look at the Bloors."

Yes, indeed, look at the Bloors. Ethel was eaten up with envy of the Bloors. Ever since they had reached visiting terms she had talked of nothing else. The first sight of the Bloors' house had been an eye-opener to Mrs. Link.

A butler, a cook, a chauffeur, three maids, not to mention the gardener and the odd job man. Staggering, to think that all this magnificence had been made out of writing.

And, of course, Mrs. Bloor: she was the person around whom Ethel's envious thoughts revolved. Mrs. Bloor looked like a lady of the films.

Lips and eyes and hair from Bond Street, clothes that made Ethel's mouth water, and a boudoir that made the Links' drawing-room look like nothing on earth.

"No shopping-bag for her," said Ethel, darkly brooding. "She leaves that to the cook. Bridge, and cocktails, and dances. One long round of pleasure. And I could be the same if you hadn't wasted your opportunities."

Mr. Link sighed. He had no answer to this. Once he had tried to write a heart-throb romance and it had been a horrible failure.

It simply wasn't in him to compass the drivel that flowed from the pen of Somerset Redvers Bloor.

So Mr. Link sighed, and tiptoed out of the room to his library, which was a hut at the bottom of the garden.

There were a desk, a worn settee, a revolving chair, and some three hundred books. He sat down and began to think about Bloor.

It was Bloor who had begun the friendship. Mr. Link would never have made advances to anybody; he was far too timid and shy.

But Bloor had admired Mr. Link's books, had written asking if he might call.

From then on the two men and their wives had exchanged visits fairly frequently.

Bloor had no illusions about the stuff he wrote. He admitted quite frankly that it was tripe. He also admitted that he had a burning ambition to write a masterpiece.

"I'd give my ears, Link," he had said on more than one occasion, "to write like you. If you think that success brings happiness, you're mistaken. Not my kind of success. It's ashes in the mouth."

And then Bloor had unlocked a drawer and produced the bound copy of a novel in manuscript. "Clay," by Somerset Redvers Bloor.

"Take it home," he said. "Read it. I wrote it after studying your books—an honest attempt at good writing, at your kind of writing. But it just isn't good enough."

Bloor laughed, bitterly. "Masterpiece," he muttered. "Somerset Redvers Bloor astounds the critics. That was the end in view. God, what wouldn't I give to see that headline!"

Mr. Link came out of his reverie and uncovered his typewriter. He had read "Clay." Good, average stuff, far better than Bloor usually wrote, but by no means a masterpiece.

He had promised his new novel to the publishers by the end of next week, and he was now working on the last chapter. But he couldn't get on.

ETHEL had reminded him that they were to visit the Bloors that night, and he was already looking forward with fear and trembling to the next morning's breakfast. Visits to the Bloors, alas, only served to increase her discontent.

Miserably he sat through the day at his typewriter, turning out a mere trickle of words. When the time came to go his heart sank. And not without cause.

Bloor had that day received a cable from America offering ten thousand pounds for the film rights of one of his books. In anticipation of the proceeds he had paid three thousand into his wife's private account.

Poor Mr. Link didn't have to wait until breakfast time. As soon as their own door had closed behind them she let loose a flood of abuse. Her eyes blazed.

IN her temper she seized an ornament and smashed it to splinters on the hearth.

"That's the last straw," she sobbed. "I'll never go near that woman again. Sitting there preening herself over her three thousand pounds. I've never been so humiliated in my life—me, in a faded dinner-frock with my hair all anyhow."

And then came the crash of china. "I can't put up with it any longer. I'm wearied to death. Unless you can get hold of some money to send me away on a holiday I'll go mad, I'll do myself an injury."

"Ethel, Ethel!" cried Mr. Link. But Ethel was busy having hysterics. Mr. Link, white and shaken, could only stand helplessly by until the storm had passed.

That and what followed at breakfast the next morning completely unnerved him. Bloor must have seen this when at 10 o'clock that day the haggard face of Mr. Link appeared outside his study. He hastened to open the french windows.

"Anything wrong?" he asked. "You look all in."

Mr. Link sank into a chair. "I—— it's Ethel," he whispered. "We—— er—— we haven't had very good times, and last night she cracked up."

"Tough luck," said Bloor. "Here—— have a drink."

"Thank you, thank you very much. Er ——if I can't send her away, I don't know what might happen."

And then Mr. Link made his shameful confession. Beyond ten pounds or so he had nothing, nothing in the world.

His glance met Bloor's, moved hastily away. He had never thought to stoop to this depth; to come cap in hand, borrowing.

But Bloor could stoop to worse depths than that, as he was soon to learn.

THE expression that marked Bloor's face was rather less than grand. Mr. Link looked at it, fascinated. The mouth was suddenly hard and mean, the eyes cunning and implacable. Bloor's soul was on view, and it was not a pretty sight.

"No, Link, I won't lend you a penny. But . . . I'll buy something from you."

"Buy something?" Mr. Link stared. "But I've nothing to——"

"A book," put in Bloor. "The book that you're just finishing."

"You—— you mean——"

"I mean that I want it. You yourself think it another masterpiece. I want to put my name on the title-page."

Mr. Link was horrified, and he was also helpless.

He bowed his head. Since he had promised his publishers that a completed book would be on its way shortly he could, Bloor said, send them "Clay."

So Ethel got her thousand, and Bloor put his name to Mr. Link's latest work. He was staggered when it came back from his publisher with a polite letter!

With much regret, they didn't think this was up to his usual standard. Perhaps he would care to offer it somewhere else.

Six months later the book came back one Saturday morning from yet another publisher. There was also delivered a copy of the *Literary Record*. He opened it. For Somerset Redvers Bloor the wheel had come full circle.

Reginald Link Does it Again, he read. "Clay"—*Another Masterpiece*.

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What care I?

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Who if SI Lone

The answer to a pat a girl tortured by be cruel to

By HUM

ROBERT LOUIS STEV things were necess Good health, a moc and friends—friends—fri

The list is remarkable f not crave for power, fam wanted only what is withi mortals.

He needed friends as a attain full growth and bea Without friendship h shrivelled and wasted awa

He would, therefore, have sends me this pathetic lette

Just now, when I should be gay, the words have no mean I seem to be doomed to be o thing.

I was always the odd one and I am still the same.

I go to Bible classes, but have been going for eight w has once smiled or wished night.

They preach religion— friendliness is the basis teaching?

When I go out at nights cinema alone and feel a cons When it is over I stand a with only an umbrella for

Nobody in the world car am here or in Timbuctoo.

It is bad in winter, b summer.

I sit on a park seat and read a book; yet my instinc the thought of being spoken

I have no friends to w write to me. It will be sen event when I receive your write. I shall go mad if I to live for.

When I was a child I poorly dressed.

I had a squint, which hear cruel comments and

I am wasting my life in in a business where I want thing more than a cog in t

The things I long to d my reach. I am like a p four invisible walls.

Of course, I wrote imme press my sympathy. I ever, that sympathy alone her for long.

Clearly, she suffers fro inferiority, and for that w in her early days was mai

She was sensitive abou clothes and her squint. made her life a torment.

But I cannot help her— others like her—without something that will hurt

The girl blames everyb thing but herself.

Whose Fault if She's Lonely?

The answer to a pathetic letter from a girl tortured by loneliness has to be cruel to be kind

By *HUMANIST*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON said that three things were necessary for his happiness: Good health, a moderate supply of money, and friends—friends—friends.

The list is remarkable for its omissions. He did not crave for power, fame, wealth, luxuries. He wanted only what is within the reach of ordinary mortals.

He needed friends as a plant needs sunshine to attain full growth and beauty.

Without friendship his nature would have shrivelled and wasted away.

He would, therefore, have pitied a girl of nineteen who sends me this pathetic letter:

Just now, when I should be happy and gay, the words have no meaning for me. I seem to be doomed to be out of everything.

I was always the odd one out at school and I am still the same.

I go to Bible classes, but although I have been going for eight weeks, no one has once smiled or wished me good-night.

They preach religion—but surely friendliness is the basis of Christian teaching?

When I go out at nights I sit in the cinema alone and feel a conspicuous fool. When it is ever I stand alone outside, with only an umbrella for company.

Nobody in the world cares whether I am here or in Timbuctoo.

It is bad in winter, but worse in summer.

I sit on a park seat and pretend to read a book; yet my instinct shrinks at the thought of being spoken to.

I have no friends to write to or to write to me. It will be something of an event when I receive yours. Please do write. I shall go mad if I have nothing to live for.

When I was a child I was always poorly dressed.

I had a squint, which caused me to hear cruel comments and jibes.

I am wasting my life in dull monotony in a business where I want to be something more than a cog in the machinery.

The things I long to do are beyond my reach. I am like a prisoner within four invisible walls.

Of course, I wrote immediately to express my sympathy. I realised, however, that sympathy alone could not help her for long.

Clearly, she suffers from a sense of inferiority, and for that what happened in her early days was mainly responsible.

She was sensitive about her shabby clothes and her squint. Other children made her life a torment.

But I cannot help her—and scores of others like her—without first saying something that will hurt quite a lot.

The girl blames everybody and everything but herself.

"I was always odd one out at school and I am still the same. Nobody in the world cares whether I am here or in Timbuctoo"

Badly treated in childhood; made to feel "out of it" at school; completely ignored in the Bible class; deprived of friends who might have shared her leisure; miserable at work; always conscious of being like the lonely Cinderella or the ugly duckling. . . .

The trouble must surely lie within herself. She shrinks from every approach.

The Bible class incident is hard to believe. No one smiled at her or wished her good-night.

Did she give them a chance?

Didn't she avoid their glances and sneak away at the end as if she were afraid of being spoken to?

It is useless for her to sit and mope. She will have to take the initiative sometimes, and certainly she ought not to adopt an attitude of "Touch me not!"

NOW let me quote part of a letter from another young woman faced with the same problem:

While I am not handsome, my appearance is quite attractive. I am well educated and domesticated, and I enjoy every form of wholesome fun.

My financial position might be envied by many, but it affords me little pleasure, for the simple reason that I am always alone in my spare time.

I took up dancing, hoping to eliminate the difficulty.

After attending the same places each week for six months I am still a wallflower, though I can dance well.

I've searched for reasons for this lack of friends without avail.

The only explanation I've heard is that my views are mid-Victorian.

I object to cheap familiarities and men resent it. Girls think I am peculiar for objecting.

No doubt I have faults and peculiarities, but I have always practised the "Do unto others" rule, and if an occasion arose when I could help others I should be only too happy to offer.

What more can I do?

I wrote to this young woman suggesting that perhaps she found it difficult to relax or to let herself go in company with other young people; that she was inclined to "freeze" those who approached her.

I also asked her if she was not afraid of men.

IN a further letter she was quite candid about herself.

I'm afraid I do not mix easily. I've tried to follow your advice and take the initiative.

But I have been left out so much that I have felt an intruder.

It's a horrible feeling, but I told myself it was due to sensitiveness and that I imagined it all.

Unless I am included after making the first move I can't push myself further.

I'd hate to force my company on anyone who didn't want me.

Also, I've heard so many unkind remarks passed by people who profess friendship that I am a bit scared.

When I take to anyone I give all I am capable of and nothing is too much trouble; but I'm very susceptible to a snub.

It would be nice to be wanted for myself instead of being in demand only when I can be useful.

Most of the people I know tell me their troubles and ask my advice, but after that I cease to exist.

On several occasions when I have been leaving boy friends they have said, "Give me a ring some time, will you?"

But I have not done so. If they were really interested they would surely get into touch with me.

Don't you think so?

I certainly agree about that. If a man is keen he won't wait for the girl to 'phone him. One is bound to infer that he is not really interested.

But why? There must be a reason.

Does the girl make a man feel that it would be an unwarranted liberty to approach her?

If an attractive girl who dances well remains a wallflower week after week she must do something to keep men at a distance.

There may be a little iciness in her voice or her manner. One cannot tell these things from a letter.

A brutally outspoken talk with a girl critic might throw some light on her trouble.

A candid brother might teach her something about herself of which she is only vaguely aware.

Hundreds of young people are suffering agonies of loneliness. They might have friends in abundance if they were ready to go "all out" and take no notice of snubs.

The war is doing much to wipe out class distinctions.

The dangers which threaten us all should draw us together for mutual helpfulness in time of need.

People who have remained proudly aloof from their neighbours for years have at last become friends through A.R.P. work, fire-spotting, and taking shelter together.

Everywhere there is a warmer feeling of friendliness. No one need be left feeling "out of it."

The lonely person need not be afraid of seeking the company of other people, but his (or her) attitude should not be "Who cares tuppence about me?" but "What can I do to help?"

BRITAIN'S OPEN ALTARS

GAPS of Glory, you can see them as you walk each Blitzkrieged street, they are Britain's Open Altars where, serene from all defeat, shines the Lamps of Faith and Courage, 'neath the Awning of God's Sky. Stand, and pause, and pray, in silence, where our heroes chose to die.

GAPS of Glory, God beholds them, shafts of sunlight down them pour, they are Bays of Human Courage studded on our battled shore, where in heaps of smouldering wreckage, twisted into shapes grotesque, Death has told its fadeless story, against Hate's Fiendish Arabesque.

GAPS of Glory, they are painted in Eternal Colours Fair, we can see so much of England now so much has been laid bare. We can see her Humble People with their Faith in God Divine, whose great Souls are Sacred Salvage which above the ruins shine.

GAPS of Glory, we salute them, with our heads held proud and high, for though Nights of Death assemble, and the Hun burns up the sky, there will dawn a Day Triumphant when the great ALL CLEAR will sound, and in every Gap of Glory, the FAITH OF THOSE WHO DIED BE FOUND.

J. M.

A GUINEA FOR YOUR PROBLEM

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

THE GREATEST OF THESE

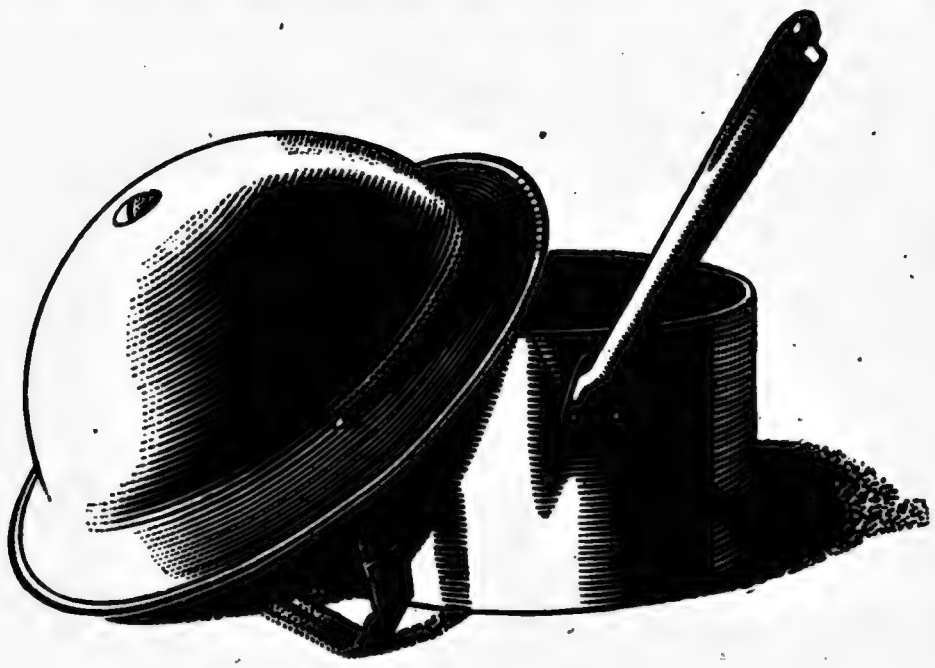
William Nash was a private in the Highland Light Infantry, and served seven years in India prior to the war. Home for three months, he was drafted to France and subsequently lost his right leg.

Now discharged from hospital, he is staying with his sister. His wife and baby are staying with his mother-in-law, and the man's wish naturally is to make a home again for his little family.

Will our readers send what they can to help this young man? Donations should be earmarked "H.L.I." and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administrative expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.



Saucepans or steel helmets

EVERYBODY knows that our normal peacetime standards of living must be cut during a war. Everybody knows that ships must carry war needs; that material and labour must all work for the war effort. But does everybody realise that while a shortage of supplies means inconvenience to the buyer, it must mean hardship to the seller?
All honour then to the great mass of traders who accept the new conditions with good grace.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

They called me a back number

because I still boiled clothes

A human little story about a housewife who went back to business when her family went to the war.

WHEN my husband went back to the Merchant Service and my daughter joined the A.T.S., and my son was working all hours on munitions, I thought it was time I took a full-time job myself.

So I went back to business again, in the provision department of a big store.

I managed to keep the house clean in the evenings. But how to get the washing done—that did stump me. I don't like washing on Sundays and you can't boil a load of clothes and get them out to dry after six of an evening.

. . . what haunted me was the washing.

I was telling some of the girls at the shop of my difficulty and to my surprise they laughed at me. "Well, you *are* a back number," they said. "Fancy *boiling* clothes in these days. Haven't you heard about Rinso and *soaking* them clean?"

I said I supposed I had but I liked to get my things *really* clean and white, and for that you had to boil them.

But they kept on about the Rinso way and how it got the clothes as white as boiling ever did, so finally I gave in and said I'd try it.

So on the Monday morning I got up a bit earlier and put the clothes to soak in hot Rinso suds while I had my breakfast. I gave the less dirty whites 15 minutes and the very dirty whites 20 minutes. On the grubbiest places I smoothed in dry Rinso like a paste and then put the clothes back to soak.

When I came to wash them through they didn't need any rubbing. I was amazed! And when I'd got them on the line I had to admit I'd never seen a cleaner lot of washing.

I went off to business feeling fresh as a daisy—though I'd done quite a big wash. Yet when I used to boil the clothes I'd be fagged out, what with the steam and the stirring and the rubbing.

THE girls were so pleased when I told them of my success with Rinso. And, of course, I do my wash the no-boil way every week now. The woman next door takes the things in when they're dry.

I've worked out that it saves at least 1½ hours' time on the old way and saves three-quarters of the gas I used to use. So that's money saved.

I notice, too, that my son's shirts don't wear out nearly as quickly now that I soak them clean. The Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories say shirts give 4 months' longer wear washed this way.

It's funny that it took a business woman to put me wise to Rinso, isn't it? I hope that other housewives aren't back-numbers about washing, the way I was. Rinso would save them such a lot of time, and work and money!

WARTIME ADVICE FREE. If you come up against any difficulty in washing—tell the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories all about it and they'll be able to help you. Nothing's too much trouble for them. Write, with details, to: Miss Spencer, Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Cheshire.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

2 3080-274 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

A NEW METHOD

YOUR FALSE TEETH FIRM!

Without Powder Fixatives

One morning application gives *all*-day firmness. No need to seek privacy during day to renew fixative. Squeeze a little 'Dentesive' (sold in tubes by Chemists) on upper and lower plates. It holds plates firm so that they can't wobble, drop or click, also seals edges and thus stops food getting underneath. You can eat and enjoy seedy jams, nutty sweets, etc. 'Dentesive' prevents sore gums by forming a comfort cushion for your plate. Tasteless, odourless, harmless. Recommended by over 6,000 dentists. Prices 6d. and 1/- at Chemists, or if any difficulty from Dentesive, Ltd., 10-15, Chitty Street, London, W.1. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

The Stylish-Like Figure admired by all

"SILF"

Brand Obesity Tablets

REDUCED

BUST . . . . 6 inches
HIPS . . . . 6 inches
WAIST . . . . 9 inches

Genteel Lady says —

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 9 st. 7 lbs. My measurements were — Bust 43 ins. Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. NOW my measurements are — Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins. So you can see the marvellous difference."

NO NEED TO BE OVERWEIGHT. Thousands of women have found the SAFE way to slimness and renewed health through SILF Brand Obesity Tablets. So can YOU! As the fat vanishes from your limbs and body so you will find a new interest and pleasure in life. Once more you will be able to wear those beautiful slim-line garments and to enter into youthful, energetic activities!

SILF Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 2/4½ and 5/7½ Per Box (including Purchase Tax) or post free by sending the price to — THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 6SIL), 98, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Eire.) *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.)*

BACKACHE

Often due to harmful impurities left in the blood by sluggish kidneys

HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will strengthen and invigorate the kidneys, enabling them to rid the system of the harmful impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Incl. Tax)

LOST 'TWIXT FIST AND SONG

● *Jack Doyle, mystery and tragedy of the ring, is this week in the spotlight study of boxers*

By A. W. HELLIWELL

IF that smiling Prince of Blarney Jack Doyle had made up his mind to concentrate on fighting instead of being such a bewildering jack-of-all-trades and master of none, he might well have been heavyweight champion of the world to-day.

I have lost count of the number of times he has solemnly assured me that he was turning his back upon the gay life and going into strict training.

Or the number of times he has confidently announced that he would be champion within a year, but one thing is certain—the wild Irish boy's big chance has gone.

Doyle's failure to rise to the dizzy heights expected of him is one of boxing's greatest tragedies. Never has there been a young man of such bright promise; never has there been one so bitterly disappointing.

Howled from Ring

There have been occasions when he has shaped like a world-beater, and others when he has figured in fiascos so miserable that he has been howled from the ring.

When I first saw him, fresh from the Irish Guards, handsome, tall, and unsophisticated, I had high hopes of Doyle. He not only looked the part, but he speedily demonstrated, by means of a devastating punch, that he could more than live up to those looks as a fighter.

True his style was crude, but this was forgivable in a youngster who fought with such spectacular fire, and certainly in the first year of his professional career he did all and more than he was asked.

Not one of his first seven opponents lasted more than two rounds against him, and when the gigantic Jack Pettifer went the same way as the rest after he had almost had Doyle out at the Crystal Palace, the big Irishman's wagon seemed hitched securely to the stars.

That was nearly nine years ago. In the interval, save for occasional flashes of brilliance, he has done precious little fighting to commend him.

Anything Can Happen

Yet he still remains the biggest box-office magnet in this country.

Even to-day any promoter who staged a Jack Doyle "come-back"—and how many there have been—could be sure of packing any arena.

Why this should be so is a riddle I cannot answer.

Perhaps it is because he is so unpredictable Anything can happen at a Doyle fight. The entertainment provided may have little connection with serious boxing, but some kind of sensation is certain.

What a broth of bhoy he is with those laughing Irish eyes and that soft, caressing brogue, as smooth as cream, and his breath-taking confidence.

If he had been a little less handsome, a little less charming, a little less of a heart-breaker, Doyle would probably have made a better business of his fighting.

But the gods were too good to him. He was caught up on the crest of a wave of hero-worship from the very beginning. Wherever he goes he is petted and lionised.

The sight of him strolling, head held high at that characteristically Doyle angle, to his seat on the night of a big fight is sufficient to distract all attention from the ring When he goes to the theatre people stare more at Doyle than they do at the stage.

Women flock to his fights. They go to see, not Jack Doyle, the boxer, but Jack Doyle, the charmer of hearts.

They get their money's worth out of his flashing smile, his twinkling eyes and curly hair, out of staring at the flamboyantly handsome young man whose name has from time to time been linked with half a dozen of the world's wealthiest women, and who married first lovely Judith Allen and then the ravishing Movita.

Startling White Gown

Doyle grooms himself for a fight with almost as much care as a film star going before the cameras.

When he ducked under the ropes for his last fight with Eddie Phillips on the night of those amazing scenes at the White City, he looked more like the hero of a musical comedy than a fighter.

His dark hair was immaculately cut and brushed, his chin was freshly shaved and powdered, and the startling white lambswool gown that draped his broad shoulders was, without doubt, the most magnificent I ever remember seeing a boxer wear.

For a moment this dazzling spectacle took the crowd's breath away as Doyle swaggered to the centre of the ring and engaged the announcer in pleasant conversation. Then, from all parts of the densely packed stadium, they began to "rib" him in mock Irish brogue.

Doyle took the kidding in good part.

He knew that he was the star of the night. He had heard them shouting, "We want Doyle" halfway through the main event between Len Harvey and Jock McAvoy.

He knew that it was the magnetism of his personality that had drawn 100,000 people to the White City and caused the biggest traffic jam in London's history—I drove my car on to the pavement a quarter of a mile from the gates and left it there.

What a contrast he provided to the nervous, highly strung Phillips, who walked into the ring as though he was in a trance, and sat, the very picture of dejection, staring at the ground between his feet, until the gong sounded.

Doyle was paid £2,000 for his appearance—I won't say for fighting—and he earned that money at the rate of £15 a second, for at the end of little more than two minutes' fist-swinging he was stretched as flat as a board, like a corpse on a mortuary slab, with his eyes wide open under the glaring arcs!

Mobbed and Cheered

The crowd, for the second time that night, was stunned into silence.

It seemed incredible, but it was only too unhappily true. Doyle had done it again!

Yet in spite of this miserable exhibition of pugilistic incompetence, he was mobbed and cheered like a conquering hero as he left the stadium.

A crowd of wildly enthusiastic fans surrounded his taxi, lifted it clean off the road, and refused to allow him to leave until he had sung to them.

And so Jack, none the worse for the terrific crack on the chin he had taken from Phillips, leaned out of the cab window and sang, "When Irish eyes are Smiling" in that melting voice of his.

I'll say this for him. He has a way with a song, and speaking for myself, he has given me infinitely more entertainment through a microphone than he has done in the ring.

Doyle is probably the best-dressed boxer in the world. He has spent a fortune on clothes, and at one time confided to me that he owned a huge wardrobe of suits—many of them "built" by Clarke Gable's Hollywood tailor.

In his Mayfair days he ran a luxury flat, a swanky automobile, and an entourage fit for a rajah. He thought nothing of changing his clothes half a dozen times a day.

His staff then included a valet, manager, secretary, trainer, cook and chauffeur, largely maintained out of his gramophone and vaudeville earnings.

Most mornings he could be seen cantering in the row, and the rest of his programme for the day would include a singing lesson from one of London's most expensive tutors, lunch at the Ritz or the Savoy, a matinee, a cocktail party and a party at one of the more exclusive night resorts

It was a gay and carefree life and one that fitted the gay and carefree Jack like one of his own immaculate suits.

Even hard-boiled Broadway, accustomed to the frivolous antics of its Maxie Baers and Tony Galentos, was startled by Doyle's zest for life.

He spent £3,000 in six months on the Great White Way, finally reaching Hollywood, after taking a licking from Buddy Baer in what New York called the "Battle of the Baritones."

In Hollywood he met and married Judith Allen, the beautiful film star, who later sued a millionaire automobile manufacturer's heiress for £400,000 "heart balm" as the result of Jack's lost affections.

"Only Man I Loved"

It was a high price to place on the love of a young man who not so long before had been earning a shilling a day as a soldier, but the "Fighting Nightingale," as America dubbed him, depressed for a while over his broken romance—he and Judith were divorced—soon regained his spirits.

It was not long after this that an infatuated young redhead drank poison in front of him as he sat in the lounge of the fashionable Knickerbocker Hotel, Hollywood, shouting "You are the only man I love."

Unlucky Doyle! I am afraid he has been more sinned against than sinning.

He has, I know, made honest efforts to become a serious fighting man, but that fatal Irish charm of his.

More's the pity, for if ever a man had all that it takes to make a champion—a magnificent body, great strength, a mighty punch and unquenchable courage—that man is Jack Doyle.

But he has, too, a gift of the blarney, a devastating profile and a smile to charm the fairies.

That's why, alack-a-day, we must write him down as a singer who could fight instead of a fighter who could sing!

LAST CHANCE! "JOHN BULL" HANDYMAN BOOK

So sweeping is the demand for JOHN BULL'S great new war time Book Opportunity—*The Handyman's Complete Self Instructor*—that this offer must now definitely be withdrawn.

This work contains nearly 600 pages, 230,000 words, and almost 600 diagrams, sectional drawings, plans and charts.

It deals with hundreds and hundreds of repair and decorating jobs which every practical man or woman can do in the home.

In view of the big demand for skilled workers for work of national importance, this book is of incalculable value to every householder. It shows him how to be able to do things himself to keep his home in good condition.

Turn to page 19 and send in your application NOW—before it's too late!

The Last Laugh

MRS. L. (Harpenden).—"I am always pressing my husband to demand a rise from his boss as he hasn't had one for three years." See letter below.

MR. L. (Harpenden).—"My boss called me into his room last week, complimented me on my work, and gave me an increase of 10s. This is the third rise I have had during the past eighteen months." See letter above.

M. L. (Folkestone).—"There are too many people about these days who stick their heads in the sand. Ostrich minds aren't going to help the civilian population." But ostrich stomachs might.

W. R. (London, E.).—"I met my pal in a terribly battered condition the other night. When I offered to take him home, he wouldn't hear of it." He'd just come from there?

C. L. (Andover).—"Our girls are different to-day. The old-time woman saved her wedding-dress for her daughter to wear." Girls are different, as you say. *They* save their wedding-dresses for their next wedding!

V. N. (Maidenhead). — "The fellow at the baker's shop was somewhat rude to me, but I was careful to return a soft answer to his remarks." You threw a custard-pie at him?

F. J. (Malmesbury).—"My son says there is a boy in his class who knows so much that he is absolutely insufferable. Did you have a smart boy in your class at school?" Yes. A fellow who ate apples behind his history-book and never got caught.

S. D. (Manningtree).—"I believe in working my eight hours a day and then not worrying about anything. That's the way to live and get on in business." And then, in time, you may become the boss, work twelve hours a day and do all the worrying.

G. K. (Hull).—"I am distracted by our maid—she hasn't the least idea of serving at table." You want one like ours. She can serve both ways . . . so that the guests will come again and so that they will stay away.

A. B. C. (Crewe).—"My husband is a difficult man—he's exactly like a furnace." Smokes, or goes out if you don't keep an eye on him?

ALBERT (Tooting).—"My small brother never wants to learn anything. Only to-day he started crying when I was trying to teach him something useful." You were showing him how to eat his cake, we suppose.

G. B. (Bath).—"The work of the established poets is overrated. I have written an epic poem, which I enclose and on which I would like your opinion." You wouldn't!

F. L. (Barnes).—"Brushing the hair induces sleep." Another method is to bang the brush on the wall as a hint to your neighbour about his radio.

B. B. (Pocklington). — "My daughter has eloped with the man who was giving her singing lessons. I liked him quite well, but I wonder what the neighbours will say." "Thank goodness," most likely.

SAM (Swinton). — "Goodness only knows when I shall be able to clear the instalments on our furniture. Times are really bad with me." There's a silver lining, Sam. By the time you've finished paying, your furniture may be genuine antique!

E. R. (Kingsbridge).—"I would smash all whisky bottles." After emptying them?

A. D. (Lampeter).—"He is always boasting about his long line of ancestors, but he is a stupid, inane sort of youth." Evidently the sap of the family-tree.

C. G. (Thirsk).—"We had a dinner party the other night and, as we sat down, I noticed we were one spoon short." Rather early in the evening for that to happen, wasn't it?

P. W. (Poole).—"The man of the house has to put his foot down on occasion." Both feet, if the wife catches him with them up among the ornaments.

B. N. (South Coast).—"Many A.R.P. workers are becoming careless smokers in dangerous surroundings." We certainly agree that the lighting of cigarette-stumps with incendiary bombs should be discontinued forthwith.

N. T. (Kidderminster). — "If your grocer sold you a dozen eggs which were very tiny, how would you feel?" Very surprised.

F. R. (Tweedmouth).—"What do you think my daughter's boy friend wanted to know when I asked him if he could support a family?" How many there were in your family?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What am I doin'? I'm the extreme front left-hand corner of a pincers movement, if yer wants to know."

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½ and 1/3 including Tax Prices U.K. only

Cleans Best
No Mess
No Waste
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MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

When a man's 'on his toes'—cool and alert at all hours, he claims cool contentment in moments that are his own. So Bondman's his choice for a fragrant pipe—*cool* and satisfying. It'll be yours—once you've tried it!

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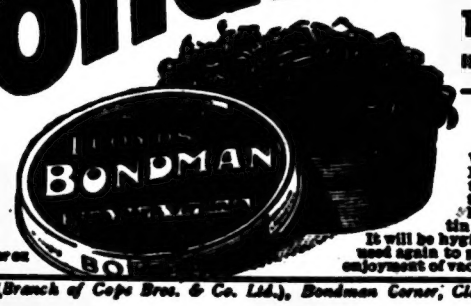
IN 1 oz. VACUUM TINS



RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/2 per oz
EMPIRE BLEND 1/5½ per oz

THIS TIN IS VALUABLE

When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to your tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

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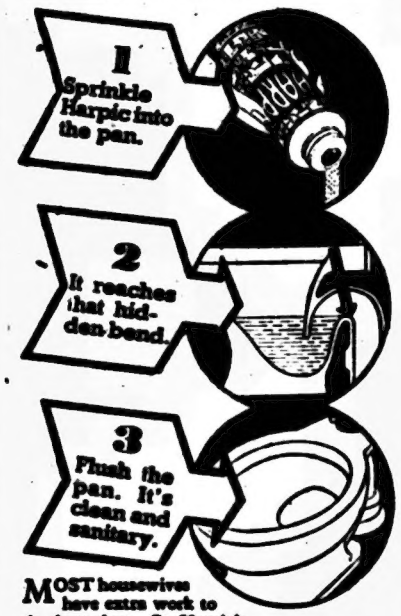
HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

thoroughly, easily, pleasantly



MOST housewives have extra work to do these days. So Harpic's quick, simple, efficient action on the lavatory is a boon indeed. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises all at the same time and leaves the bowl spotless. Try it! Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d. 1/-, and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

£200 in BULLETS and BIG NEW CASH OFFER for XWORDS

PRIZES value over £200

£50 FIRST PRIZE | £20 | £10 | £4 | £2 | 29/- | 27/- | 3/- | 25/- | 60/- | 26/-

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1271.
L. E. Hunt, 2, Bridge Terrace, Exeter.
Example: FACING THE MUSIC
Bullet: TOOTHERS — "LET'S HEAR"
RETURNED.
£20 Second Prize: R. C. Lewis, 3, Southleigh Rd., Weymouth.
Example: Breathing Fire
Bullet: Bitter While Footballs
£10 Third Prize: C. Makin, Alderley, Wynyard Grove, Bramhope.
Example: Gives Blazes His Address
Bullet: Every Time Footballs
£4: A. MacRae, 57, Pilmuir Rd., Dunoon, Argyll, Thanks To The Bankers—all Extras, Miller's Star.
£2: Mrs. V. Cox, 46, Tregony Rd., Gidleigh, When The WE'S Come Marching Home It Shall.
£2: W. C. Knight, 32, Faith In Britain.
£2: F. F. Kitching, 6, Breathing Fire—Hitler's Breathless Hour.

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples and you have made a *Bullet*. Make each of your efforts equally like the latest prize-winners given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, June 13.

50s.: R. Thorne, 58, Vivian Rd., Shelley, At Our Gardens Gunnet—Privates "Embankment" Like Thought.
50s.: R. Rayden, 107, Chesterfield, Wealden Of Hitler's Gas—Bel-
50s.: P. E. Anthony, 2, Montrose Ave, Gloria Swans Of Jesus Shouldn't Make Us Be Sad.
50s.: Mr. [illegible], 38, Rosslyn Drive, Cheadle, Reading The Gladly—But You Know Hitler's Defeat?
50s.: [illegible], 36, Rosslyn Drive, Cheadle, Reading The Gladly—But You Know Hitler's Defeat?
50s.: G. E. Gilmour, 68, Surrey Rd., Bletchley, Breathing Fire—Defeat Bletchley For Bletchley!
50s.: H.G. Cooper, 4, Somerset Rd., Gosport, Hitler's Gas—Gosport—Gosport The Finish!
50s.: J. Bedwell, 145, Fry St., St. Helens, Lancs., Found Himself A Hun—Hurrah Into Hell's Flames!
50s.: R. W. [illegible], 35, Ashford St., Portsmouth, Reads In The Bible—Gods That Hitler's Finish!

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

HITLER'S STRONG, BUT WE REMEMBER
NEWS FROM THE FRONT
THE OLD, OLD STORY
LOOK ALIVE AND
PLAIN SPEAKING
DESTROYED
THINKING BIG
TOMMY'S WIFE
THE NEED IS PRESSING, SO
RUTHLESS ENEMY
MUST BE FREE
DAD'S DINNER
CHEERFULLY
WHY NOTHING'S DONE
ON THE BLACK LIST
MAN OF ACTION
STILL RUNNING
INTELLIGENCE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

A Man's .....
Height Of .....
If ..... Were Rationed
To Prevent .....
Downfall Of.....
End Of The.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

Three 2 words each 1 point, Three giving 6 words 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and endose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each three points Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,273

Signed .....
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Each of the 45 solvers who submit 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-

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Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bulletin" and Gazette.

XWORDS AGAIN!

WIN a Bumper Cheque by answering 25 questions! There they are in the absorbing puzzle below—and ten minutes with these clues may well bring you that £100!

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£100 FIRST PRIZE | RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

10 MINUTE XWORD No. 227.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in every column. 3d Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3d 3d 3d

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			B		S	E	S				
	S	C	O		C	H					
		F	A		S						

PLAIN PAPER

Send in address on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 3 columns submitted. Entries written on plain paper equally eligible—same rule of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark TUES., JUNE 3

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and endose necessary P.O. value ..... P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Surprise Awards go to first Runners-up. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons gloriously completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,273—or Xword No. 227, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

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THIS book that will save you pounds! The book that teaches you how to carry out hundreds of jobs in the home! The book that is worth its weight in gold to every householder. What is THE HANDYMAN'S COMPLETE SELF INSTRUCTOR which "John Bull" is offering you at the amazing price of 3/3 plus 6d. for postage, packing, insurance, etc.? Is there a catch in it? Is the demand that this offer must NOT BE REPEATED in earnest? No, there is not a catch in it. Nothing, no more letters, is your last chance. To-day, as never before, every householder must be able to carry out simple home repairs if he wishes to keep his home in proper repair. Hence the offer by JOHN BULL of your copy of THE HANDYMAN'S COMPLETE SELF INSTRUCTOR. Each One—THE HANDYMAN'S COMPLETE SELF INSTRUCTOR—is an immense work of reference. It tells you everything you want to know about home repairs, decorations, additions, etc., from building a garage to laying a new washer on a tap. This work is a VERITABLE publishing miracle! Over 600 pages, 230,000 words and nearly 600 pictures, actual drawings, plus 24 pages in full colour. Yes, "John Bull" is very proud of this work which is the result of many years' labour by a staff of experts. You would think that with such a work on sale at 5/- it would be a very good buy. But "John Bull" has decided that it will sell with Cash Coupons, you because of the great publicity value to it of having its name associated with a work of this kind. Hence the amazing offer of this book for 3/3 plus 6d. for postage, packing, insurance, etc.

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Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.C.4, 24.5.41

MF FOOD FACTS

No. 41

MANY people think that *fruit* is essential for health. They have got hold of only half the story! It is the Vitamin C in fruit which is so beneficial—and this Vitamin C is supplied just as well by *vegetables*. So make up for the lack of fruit by eating plenty of vegetables.

Another point: by eating more vegetables you probably would need less bread, which would save valuable shipping space.

Remember there are other ways of serving vegetables than plain boiled. There are vegetable salads, charlottes, rolls, hot-pots and pies (as you'll know if you read 'Food Facts' regularly). And if raw spinach and turnips sound strange to you, try them in a salad and see how good they are.

SEE HOW YOU GET YOUR C

For health, each person ought to have at least 1,000 "International Units" of Vitamin C every day. ("International Unit" is the measure which scientists use for Vitamins.) Here is a simple table from which you can make up your Vitamin C requirements. Count one tablespoonful of cooked vegetables as 2 ounces:

Potatoes —	cooked	8 ozs.	= 480 units.
Spinach —	»	4 ozs.	= 700 »
Broccoli —	»	4 ozs.	= 600 »
Spring Greens —	»	4 ozs.	= 500 »
Turnip Tops —	»	4 ozs.	= 480 »
Cabbage —	»	4 ozs.	= 300 »
Swedes —	»	4 ozs.	= 260 »
Spinach —	raw	½ oz.	= 150 »
Watercrest —	»	½ oz.	= 150 »
Cabbage —	»	½ oz.	= 100 »
Spring Onions	»	½ oz.	= 84 »

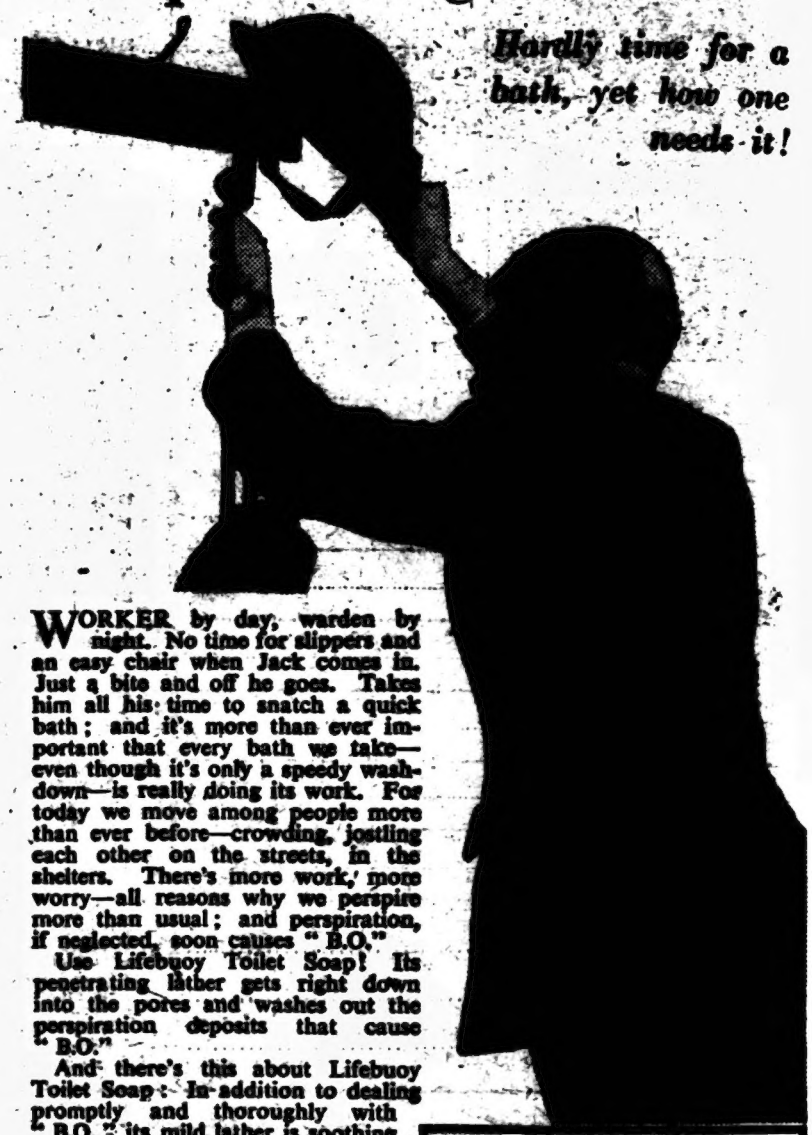
"I'm full of energy too," says Potato Pete

Remember to listen to the useful hints and recipes on the Wireless at 8.15 every morning.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1.

"I have to hop around like a quick-change artist..."

Hardly time for a bath, yet how one needs it!



WORKER by day, warden by night. No time for slippers and an easy chair when Jack comes in. Just a bite and off he goes. Takes him all his time to snatch a quick bath; and it's more than ever important that every bath we take—even though it's only a speedy wash-down—is really doing its work. For today we move among people more than ever before—crowding, jostling each other on the streets, in the shelters. There's more work, more worry—all reasons why we perspire more than usual; and perspiration, if neglected, soon causes "B.O."

Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap! Its penetrating lather gets right down into the pores and washes out the perspiration deposits that cause "B.O."

And there's this about Lifebuoy Toilet Soap: In addition to dealing promptly and thoroughly with "B.O.," its mild lather is soothing to the most sensitive skin.

4D per tablet

(Includes purchase tax)

A LEVER PRODUCT

LBT 120-07-01

LESS TIME FOR BATHS more need of Lifebuoy Toilet Soap

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/5.

WHY ENDURE MISERY OF PILES

Half the suffering and torment caused by piles (or haemorrhoids) never can be told. But often the irritation, pain and loss of blood are as much as any mortal can bear.

How thankful sufferers must be to know that the famous soothing and healing ointment—Zam-Buk—is now available in two distinct forms: (1) in the familiar green tins for external use; (2) in the handy form of Zam-Buk Suppositories for internal piles.

Both are unequalled for allaying pain, swelling & inflammation. (Price 1/5 a box.)

Zam-Buk

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